

You are entitled to a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 19.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 561. MARCH 3, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought
shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but
true.

Edited by
**HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY**



By Appointment to H.M. The King.

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What 'Truth' says:

"The one thing that every mother wants, the ideal food which will take the place of the maternal supply, if need be, and which in any case may be absolutely relied upon, when her baby is weaned, to supply all that is needful in building up a sound, healthy physique."

Babies fed on Nestlé's Milk not only thrive in babyhood, they thrive in after life, as many a one-time Nestlé-fed baby now fighting for England has generously testified.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores
and Boots' Cash Chemists

Cash price **9½d.** and **5½d.** per tin



"You darling"

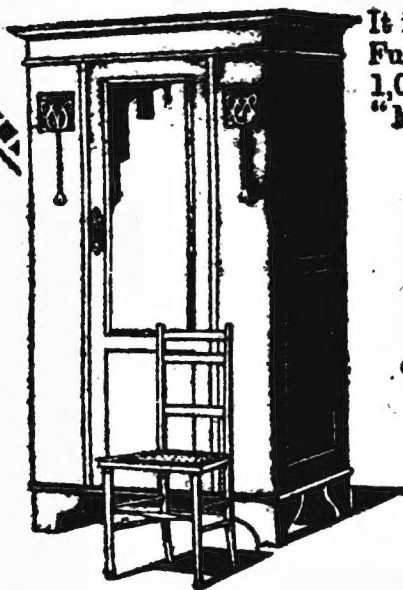
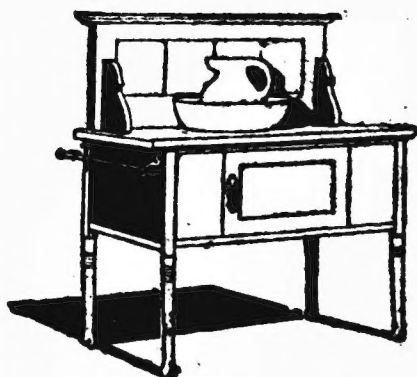
she said when he promised to buy her some furniture at the "Midland." No wonder she was pleased. There is £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to choose from, marked at astonishingly low prices.

Money buys more at the "Midland"

You get 10 per cent. off if you pay cash, and no interest is charged if you wish to purchase out of income. Whether you want to furnish a cottage or a palace you will get the widest choice, the best value, and the most generous terms possible by going to the "Midland."

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

10%
Discount
for Cash



It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Handsome Bedroom Suite in Fumed Oak, comprising Wardrobe with bevelled mirror in door; Dressing Table with bevelled swing mirror and 3 commodious drawers; Washstand with marble top and tiled back, and Chair £8 18s. 6d.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

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(Town or Country)	
Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 5 6
20...	0 11 0
30...	0 16 6
40...	1 2 0
50...	1 7 6
100...	2 15 0
200...	5 10 0
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Larger amounts pro rata.

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relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots, Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 2d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 1s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

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Mrs. Slade, 80, Lansford Street, Queen's Park, Paddington, London, says: "Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has been a real blessing in my family. I first used it for my little boy when he had whooping cough. I had tried other things and found them useless; but when I gave him Veno's it was surprising how soon he got well. I used Veno's after that for all my family. My last little baby was cured of bronchitis by it, and I have taken it myself for influenza. I found it splendid for this trouble as well as for other coughs and colds. My husband has had Veno's too. He came home from the front wounded and with a very bad cough. But of course he had Veno's, and that soon cured his cough."



Mrs. Slade.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures—

INFLUENZA
HOARSENESS
BRONCHITIS
LUNG TROUBLE
COUGHS & COLDS

11½d.
a Bottle.

ASTHMA
BLOOD-SPITTING
NASAL CATARRH
WHOOPING COUGH
DIFFICULT BREATHING

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

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BUSY MEN who always have to be WELL-DRESSED

find that their clothes can be kept in a new condition throughout the year by our well known Tailor-



valeting Service. We scientifically clean them, do all minor repairs, re-shape and press them in West End style at an inclusive charge of

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MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS

PER **7^d** OZ.

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Larger Packings at Proportionate Prices

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The SUPER
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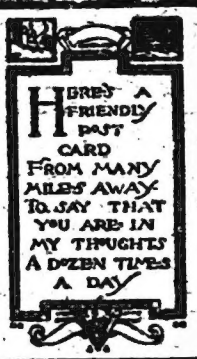
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are the very thing for this purpose. The messages are crisp and bright, hearty and sincere. There's a Card for every occasion, whether grave or gay, and one of the 500 different messages, comprising the series, will never fail to express your thoughts. Others are for Tommy's use. Send him a few packets in each parcel; they will come back to you and other friends, bringing a cheery word and the certain knowledge that he is fit and well.

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QUALITY CARDS
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LUMBAGO, CHILBLAINS, SORE THROAT
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Splendid for HARNESS, HOSE, &c.
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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXI. No. 561.

Week ending Saturday, March 3rd, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Mark" that Loan!

Even the Chancellor underestimated his own triumph, for the War Loan new money is over £1,000,000,000, not under £700,000,000. Let Germany "mark" this figure! Kolossal isn't it?

A "Business" Demonstration.

The first fruits of the experiment in Business Government has been this phenomenal success of the War Loan—which was engineered entirely by a Business man—assisted, we are happy to say, by our own esteemed colleague, Mr. Charles Palmer.

"Fatuous Optimism."

How is this, from the Deaths column of the *Daily Chronicle*—three consecutive names: "Peace," "Ready," "Speedy"? Many a true word is spoken in sorrow!

A Variation.

In his recent speech to his constituents Mr. Lloyd George said we must "not weary of well-doing." We certainly must not weary of "doing well."

Mr. Justice Darling

We hope there is no truth in the report that this great Judge is contemplating retirement: He is one of the few personalities on the Bench to-day—and can ill be spared. His position is, like that of the late Mr. Justice Hawkins, unique; and the King's Bench without him is almost unthinkable.

Well Done, "Jack."

This time we mean "Jack" Pease—now known as Lord Gainford—the ex-Postmaster-General, and one of the best we have ever had—in forcing the Government at last to set up a Board to deal with claims of various classes in the lower branches of the Civil Service to better payment, in view of the increased cost of living. In the Post Office the grievance is very acute, and "Jack" has shown that he does not forget his old servants.

Stop That Tickling!

Our distinguished contemporary *Truth* doesn't like the Business Government idea—which it thinks "is a journalistic wheeze—stuff with which men like Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley tickle their customers," and proceeds to refer to "the potato muddle," which it "cannot help laughing at"; indeed, we are told that "it is enough to make a cat laugh." So we have evidently "tickled" our colleague and his cat. What a lot of "customers" we have, to be sure—and a few "queer" ones amongst them!

A Good Motto.

When a man does you a bad turn, pay him back in his own coin; when he does you a good turn, pay him back twice.

Another Army Scandal.

How is it that the general press has ignored the important point raised by Lord Durham the other night in regard to Class "W" men—some of whom, after two years at the front and some six months in hospital, have had to take Poor Law relief? They are men not discharged from the Army, and to whom, therefore, no pension is paid. They are just left to rough it as best they can—poor devils!

What is This?

General Booth—of the Salvation Army of Queen Victoria Street—not the Salvation Army of our Allies—tells us that the Prince of Wales' Fund has promised him £50,000 towards his scheme to "emigrate single women and widows to the Dominions Overseas." Does the Prince know anything about it? We hope not.

A Hint.

One of our readers who went all through the Herero War, says he "saw enough of the Hun methods—poisoned wells, shooting and executing the unarmed blacks at sight, and torturing the wounded and prisoners—men, women and children. Then the blacks, acting on instructions, retaliated, and the 'Gentle Hun' suddenly became gentle." Excellent!

War Economy.

Speaking of our "irresponsible prognostications"—all of which, though a little belated (through no fault of our own) are coming true—the *Western Chronicle* says: "Why the Paper Board allows so large a quantity to be wasted on the publication of such rubbish passes our comprehension." That's where our distinguished contemporary has the pull of us—it is not troubled by the paper shortage.

A Domestic Function.

It was an interesting function, that gathering last Thursday, at the Imperial Restaurant, in honour of our colleague, Mr. J. S. Elias, to whose wonderful energy and business capacity the success of this journal is so largely due—when, to celebrate the passing of our million-and-a-half circulation, he was presented by a "few friends" with his portrait in oils (by Mr. Rowland Holyoake) and a handsome Old-English grandfather clock. Every branch of the newspaper world was represented, and it was unanimously decided to repeat the function when we reach the two million mark!

The Zepp Season is nearly due. Sign Free Insurance Coupon, page iii. of cover.

Combing a.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain ought to be interested in the admission of Colonel Fisher, Superintendent of the Birmingham Small Arms Factory, that 92 single men have been taken on at the factory in six weeks, and there is no doubt that in that period married men with children have been discharged. We have reported the single-men-last state of things in this factory from time to time for many moons past. How much longer is Mr. Chamberlain going to tolerate it?

Ships' Victuals.

One of these days, before it is too late, the question of the victualling of ships should be thrashed out. A quick start could be made by ordering vessels trading with America to take in their provisions there; it would save money and tonnage, and leave more food at home. The Victualling Scale ordered by the Board of Trade is capable of reduction—not that we have any desire to starve seamen, but we think they would be willing to adopt a less lavish dietary.

"My Tea or No Sugar."

Many of the shops which receive good sugar supplies simply utilise them to increase their trade in other goods. It has now come to this—as the Inspectors appointed by Lord Devonport will discover—that in some shops people are not only refused sugar unless they buy tea, but that they must buy the shopkeeper's own blend and none other. The result is that the poor are compelled to buy tea when they do not want it, while the stuff foisted on them is often of exorbitant price and rubbishy quality. Once again, when is Lord Devonport going to act?

Business—and Potatoes.

It would pain us to be compelled to interfere with the multifarious occupations of the "Business Government," but in order not to lead us into temptation will they be good enough to think before they act? Once again—this time it is potatoes—we have the Food Controller and the Minister of Agriculture fixing prices one day and the Prime Minister altering them the next, on the threat of the middlemen that unless they are improved they won't deliver the goods. I may be all for the best, of course, but it *does* make Lord Devonport and Mr. Prothero look foolish.

"Cowards."

Thus the father of a splendid lad who, on attaining the age of 18, went into the Mechanical Transport: "Next door to me are two big, able-bodied young men, who are 'Conscientious Objectors,' and work at Wakefield Gaol; they come home every week and have parties—piano and organ-playing. Christmas week they had a party of twelve, all of military age, and when I told them they were cowards the father turned on me and said *my son was the coward because he hadn't the pluck to stand out.*" When is that ridiculous "C.O." Clause to be repealed?

What's Bread in the Oven.

Objecting to bread being sold by weight, Mr. G. Chattell, of Thrapston, says that whatever the view of the Food Control Department may be about its weight when it is taken from the oven, "as a baker of 40 years' standing" he can assert without fear of contradiction that it is utterly impossible to get it out of the oven exactly 2lbs. in weight. With due respect to Mr. Chattell, that is not precisely what the public worries about. If they get 2lbs. exactly, well and good; they would not grumble even if they got a little more. What makes them say nasty things about bakers is that they invariably get a little less. The loss, in other words, is always on one side—and for a change why should not the bakers put more dough in the oven to come out more bread on the cart?

Meet and Marry.

A Cinderford reader appeals to us to "stop these disgraceful war weddings—girls and fellows meeting and marrying all in a few weeks or months, just so that the girl can get the allowance." Some things are beyond us; one of them is the power to prevent the legalised entertainments of the sexes.

Another Donington (?).

When the Hotel Great Central, Marylebone, was "taken over," it became "The Prince of Wales's Convalescent Hospital" for officers. But these officers, wounded men, call it Donington Hall, not because it is as happy a place but because it is not. In fact, we are asked by one of them "why they should be treated in such a disgraceful manner." So we beg to pass on that very important question to the proper quarter, for we know not one reason why they should, but thousands why they should not.

Football and Food.

At the rear of the A. I. F. Club in Horseferry Road is a small piece of ground, now in a fine state of cultivation as allotments. Some holders are at the Front, but their plots are carefully tended by the old men left behind. Yet that ground to-day has been seized, for the purpose of running up Government offices upon it. Round the corner is Vincent Square, a vast space reserved for the games of the Westminster Schoolboys, with plenty of room for both football and buildings. Is it too late to stop the wanton destruction of food, and the eviction of hard-working, heart-broken men?

The Ex-Mayor Again.

Alderman Lorden, ex-Mayor of Wandsworth, was mentioned by us when he obtained six months' further exemption for his Secretary, 32, married, passed for general service. The Alderman apparently seeks further notice from us. The Tribunal granted three months to a poulterer, 38, widower, with eight children. Said Alderman Lorden: "But you must remember, gentlemen, that he is a general service man." Said Mr. Pratt: "I don't care. I am not going to see eight children left alone." Alderman Lorden's charity seems to begin at home in his business. And to stay there.

A Curious Chairman.

"First they wouldn't and then they would." Reversing the order of proceedings told of in the old song, Catherington District Council at one meeting decided to have nothing to do with the Loan, and then, perhaps having heard a few remarks, they sat again and resolved to invest £500. Among the voters against that was the Chairman, Mr. J. Goldsmith, and when the cheque was prepared for his signature he requested somebody else to sign it, conforming to law and decency only when told the Chairman's signature was imperative. A nice, loyal, lovable, patriotic gentleman, Mr. Goldsmith—evidently.

Right Thing at Last

At last the Government, after much criticism and long agitation, have decided to do the right thing by attested men rejected subsequent to attestation; they might and ought to have done it as soon as ever there was a question of their being in a false position by taking men for the Army whom they had no legal right to force. Ministers have "stated a case for the consideration of the High Courts," and of course it will be publicly argued. Large numbers of men so rejected have been bullied and badgered into the ranks by Recruiting Officers. Until the case is finally settled no more are to be taken; which is as it should be.

The most remarkable value in the world—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 19.

"A Knock-out Blow."

We draw the attention of the military authorities to a scandalous peace publication entitled "A Knock-out Blow," printed and published by the New Order Press, 3, Tudor Street, London, E.C. It is not our intention to notice this pernicious pamphlet at length; its contents are sufficiently indicated by one of its sub-heads, "The People Bamboozled, Butchered, and Robbed." The whole of the issue ought to be seized and burned.

Cross-Examination.

"Being one of the discharged men above military age I made an application to the nearest munitions factory for employment, showing my discharge as a third-class examiner, good character, and good workman. I find myself being engaged by Woolwich Arsenal, who reduced my rate of wages by 4s.—viz., from 41s. to 37s. a week (48 hours), and the most overtime about 7½ hours, total full wages 44s., to inspect and examine the work of mechanics who are earning £10 a week." Lots of funny things happen at Woolwich.

A Nice Ice Story.

"This is what soldiers are used for," says one of them, who writes from—perhaps we had better not say where. In their workshops they were so busy that all had to work two hours' overtime daily. So, while the frost was about, 20 or 30 of them were told off each evening to sweep the snow from the canal and to flood the ice with water. The idea was that the surface should be nice and smooth for the officers to skate on. The men in the shops were making the skates during overtime. Meanwhile, taxpayers pay, pay, pay!

Straying Deer.

Up in Scotland there is a club farm—that is, a farm of many separate small-holders, who graze their sheep in common. Near by is a deer forest, and the deer continually stray on the sheep-grazing. The few men remaining on the spot destroy the deer when they can, so the keeper of the forest sends dogs to follow the deer and send them home. If this is permitted to continue, it will result in lambs being prematurely born, which means a great loss. Also, we would suggest that the local constable might be better employed than in visiting houses to find who holds a licence. He could learn all that at the P.O.

"Oh, Listen to the Band!"

It seems strange to us that the R.G.A. Band, at Falmouth, should have nothing better to do than journey 15 miles away to "give a concert" in "continuation of Anniversary" at the Porthleven Wesleyan Church. The band consists, we understand, of about 25 able-bodied men, and their programme was billed to include "Selections, Solos, Duets, Recitations, etc., etc." It seems poor game for an Artillery Band—blowing musical instruments at Porthleven while Britain is burning for their manly services. If the bandsmen cannot fight, cannot they dig? National service of any kind is preferable to blowing a trombone after a chapel bunsramble.

Railway Secrets.

It is, perhaps, not common knowledge that railway companies print instructions to their officials regarding special trains. The other day a reader picked up a bundle of 30 traffic notices, issued by the S. E. and C. Railway. They were in an unstamped envelope addressed to Mr. —, S. E. and C. R., and the finder promptly took them to the office—his good sense being rewarded by the lofty statement that the papers were of "no importance." As the pages are devoted to "Troop Movements" taking place two or three days later, including one train load of 649 men, we beg to differ. A horrid Hun might find the information very interesting.

A Fifty Guinea Fur Coat and other valuable prizes absolutely free. See next week's "Everywoman's."

A Funny Advert.

An unusual form of advertisement appearing in a Somersetshire paper has rather worried some readers. So we quote it—not to worry others, but as a curiosity: "Barmald Wanted; must know her work; food on same liberal allowance as German prisoners (10½ lbs. bread, etc.). Another maid kept.—Apply, Landlord, The Unseen Hand, Taunton." We trust no young ladies will write after the situation, for the advertisement is evidently the work of an indignant humorist; just a joke—and not a bad one.

Matches and Munitions.

If one should bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. That is why idiots, despite all warnings and against all regulations, still take matches into munition works, apparently with the object of having a smoke on the sly. Only a perfunctory search of the workpeople is carried out—officers merely run the hands over the body; the pockets are seldom or never turned inside out. One of these days there will be an explosion, caused by matches.

An Officer's Waste.

Some of the stories that reach us are so astonishing as to be almost incredible. For instance, we are nonplussed by the allegation that an officer "brought a brand-new aeroplane propeller into H.Q. workshop and ordered it to be cut into walking-sticks. Eight were made, costing the country about £25." Work on private motor-bikes is said to be carried on under his orders, while four new under-carriage wheels, worth £3 each, were used in making a bike for—well, we hate to go on with the story, which, if correct, is a revelation of wicked things.

The R. I. C.

The Royal Irish Constabulary has been long known as the equal of any force in the world. Its records are magnificent. About 200 volunteered for battle right away. Recently a similar number of recruits were called for, to take the place of the fine fellows in France. These are no times for dilly-dallying, so it is as well to say straight out that in the R.I.C. as at present constituted are men suspected of sympathy with Sein Feiners. To clear the air, it is suggested that all ranks be asked to take an oath of loyalty to the Crown and of willingness for army service if needed.

War Work.

After being wounded in action, a soldier was passed into a certain factory as a substitute. He finds it full of strapping young fellows, who boast how they have "dodged the army" and jeer at the men with honourable wounds. Nor is that all. "The firm," says our informant, "are supposed to be on war work, but I have been here for three weeks, and have done no war work yet. The single shirkers, believe me, are not doing a ha'porth towards winning the war, neither do I seem to be." If the gentleman handing the comb would like to have the name of the firm, it is his for the asking.

The Meal-Time Trade.

Are the heads of munition factories aware of the trafficking that goes on at meal-times, presumably with the permission or connivance of the charge-hand? A man will come round with "cheap" watches and dear blouses; a woman brings boots, at about double price—and the girls are persuaded to pay a small sum weekly to purchase the unnecessary things. We are aware that in some cases the seller is acting as agent for a firm established for that method of business, but as it was stated at Newcastle Police Court that stolen goods had been sold at Armstrong's, the meal-time trading evidently requires to be watched.

Insurance Act Fraud.

"Hear, hear!" to Mr. Handel Booth, M.P. He did not mince his words about the Insurance Act, in regard to the right of insured persons suffering from tuberculosis to sanatorium treatment. "A cruel and heartrending swindle," he called it. That is just about the name for it.

The Magistrates' Clerk.

A Berwick newspaper publishes the photograph of a seemingly stalwart, martial, and most eligible young man, who has just received an appointment—no, not in the army. He is Mr. James Gray, solicitor, of Berwick, and, out of three applicants for the position of Clerk to the Magistrates of North and Islandshire, he happens to be the one to secure the appointment. Why, we know not, except it be that the other two applicants have joined up.

Giving Them Socks.

At a camp somewhere in this Country there arrived a consignment of hand-knitted, grey woollen socks, for distribution among the soldiers. For some reason unexplained to us, and which we cannot attempt to fathom, they were put up to auction. One bright young fellow, scenting a bargain, bought eight pairs for 5s., and was good boy enough to post half of them home to his father. They were very acceptable to dad, but we wonder what the ladies who knitted them would think of the transaction.

Sheer Lunacy.

The Board of Control in Lunacy and Mental Deficiency must, on the strict q.t., consider the taxpayer as mentally deficient when he settles their salary list. There are thirteen Commissioners; the Chairman gets £1,800 yearly, while five doctors, four lawyers and one lady put up with a beggarly £1,500 each; Secretary, £1,000; Assistant Secretary, £750. The total salaries paid to officials of the Board is about £25,000 yearly. And somebody caustically comments, "Business men on the Board are conspicuous by their absence."

The German Hospital.

Awfully gratifying, isn't it, to be assured, on the authority of Baron Bruno von Schroeder, that the German Hospital, in Dalston Lane, London, "has continued on exactly the same lines as before the war"? Let us be fair, and repeat his assurance that "they were treating patients of all nationalities and all creeds." All the same, we wonder if there is a British Hospital in Berlin carrying on "just as it did before the war." And if so, we are also wondering whether a British peer is permitted to stand on his hind legs and make a speech at its annual meetings. But we guess not.

A Scottish Marriage

It is curious to pick up a Glasgow newspaper and read such advertisements as this: "Marriages Privately Completed, 10s. John Dash, Solicitor." But 10s. does not really cover the cost of that wedding. "Mr. Dash" said there would have to be a tip for the Magistrate's Assistant, and also—"You will *mind* my little girl (about 14) who takes you to the Court; she has so much running about." To "*mind*" the young lady seems to be something like remembering the waiter, and in the end that 10s. marriage costs £1 0s. 1d. We trust it was worth it.

The Kaiser.

From a mother: "Even you have not yet fathomed the depths to which Germany has sunk. In cases where, owing to pressure or orders to retreat, our dead have had to be left, they have been found by our troops later, stripped, and with their identification discs taken. The latter are destroyed or thrown away. I speak feelingly, as it was what happened to my own son. His disc *was* found, but many miles from where he was killed, thrown on the ground. Can you wonder that we women say: 'Win the war, but *give us the Kaiser*'"? We sympathetically agree.

The Meat Scandal.

This is what is happening in the butchering business: The wholesale firms who have Government lambs to sell at fixed prices are compelling buyers to purchase whatever proportion of other lambs in quality and quantity they impose and at whatever price they choose to fix. Recently when Government lambs were 10½d. per lb., some of them charged 11½d. per lb. for South Americans, and purchasers were compelled to buy ten South Americans to get ten Governments, or 50 per cent. of each. This means that the butcher is being exploited, and through him the consumer. Will whoever is acting for the Food Controller in his regrettable illness put a stop to this game without delay?

Brotherly Love.

A soldier, maimed for life, makes a bitter complaint against one of his brothers. This worthy—who, although of military age and fit, has secured exemption and is in a snug, safe, comfortable job at home—is said to have insured the lives of two brothers ordered abroad. When one was killed in action, the good fellow at home "rolled up and drew the money." Our wounded friend has several severe things to say. But we fail to see that the brother could legally get the cash, for he had no "insurable interest," *unless dependent on the dead brother*, and would lose the premiums he had paid. Perhaps, however, he had lent money to the insured man.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

THE PUBLISHERS OF "THE TIMES" (circular sent to News-agents:—)

"The price of *The Times* will be increased to 2d. on and from Monday next. . . . The RETAIL PRICE will be 1½d. PER COPY."

"WELLINGTON JOURNAL AND SHREWSBURY NEWS" (advertisement):—

"Came astray, Bay Horse Pony, NOTCH END MAN TWO OR THREE CHILDREN NOT OBJECTED TO."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—

"Big Fire at a Brewery. . . . Five thousand barrels of ale were destroyed, and HUGE QUANTITIES OF HOPE."

"THE MARVEL":—

"They made tea, KILLED A TIN OF CONDENSED MILK . . . and tried to puzzle out where they were."

"HARROW OBSERVER" (advertisement):—

"Shorthand and Typewriting. 2 Hours Daily. War Time Fee: 21 1s. 0d. for Twelve Weeks. MARRIAGE."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS (advertisement):—

"Combined Room for TWO BUSINESS LADIES, ONE HUSBAND, week-ends."

"BEDFORD DAILY CIRCULAR" (advertisement):—

"For Sale—Pure Bred Irish Terrier Dog, RIGHT THING TO WEAR NOW. SEAMLESS, COMFORTABLE. ALL WOOL. 1s. 6d. and 2s."

"CHRISTIAN WORLD" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, Cook-Housekeeper, capable to cater for 25 daily, CARVE AND MANAGE OTHER MAIDS."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT" (advertisement):—

"Buy —'s Boots. DIRECT FROM THE COW'S BACK TO WEARER'S FEET."

"PUCK":—

"If you should have a very vivid dream on Sunday night, you must TRY TO DO THIS. BEFORE YOU SPEAK TO ANYONE on Monday morning you must RELATE YOUR DREAM TO THEM."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Buckmaster.

MY LORD,—Hereby your Lordship has the honour to know that I support your Bill entitling women to practise as solicitors. I have never been able to see the justice of shutting out women from any profession in which they are able to comply with the conditions of admission on the same terms as men; in a word, there should be no sex bar where there is no other. As to whether the law is a suitable profession for the ladies, that is another story. Certainly it is one of the easiest for men to fail in.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P.

DEAR EX-MUDDLER,—Your impudence is colossal. You dared to tell the country that "from the beginning of the war it had been clear that tonnage problems would of necessity dominate the power of the United Kingdom and our Allies if the war were prolonged." All you did was to gamble on the "if"—that and nothing more. Where's your shame?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, Vicar of Burton Wood, Lancs.

MY DEAR VIC,—Sorry to read your statement in the parish magazine that the congregation does not give adequate attention to your pulpitering; that, instead of listening to the outpouring of your spiritual eloquence, they talk, whisper, laugh, giggle, flirt, criticise their neighbours, and discuss the *dernier cri* in hats. It is a lamentable state of things, and I am not surprised you propose to put 'em on work of national importance. At present you suggest they should bring their knitting with them, but I can quite see that by-and-by you will expound the higher life while they sew short shirts for soldiers, re-darn the darned darns in their holey stockings, repair the rents in little Willie's trousers, or even crochet trimmings to beautify invisible lingerie. It may be that Mr. Neville Chamberlain will be able to make use of the idea in the interests of National Service.

JOHN BULL.

To the Warden of Wadham College, Oxford.

DEAR DON,—I put it to you that you are not acting in the nation's best interests when you secure conditional exemption for the butler and bursary clerk of your College. He is a young, strong, athletic fellow, already trained in the O.T.C., and could possibly get a Commission for the asking. But you retain him in menial service because Wadham College is occupied by about 100 cadets, for whom he caters. He admits there is no question of personal hardship, but says, "The question is whether I am not doing more valuable work where I am." I can answer that question "in once." The answer is, No. Through the emptying of Oxford's Colleges, consequent upon her collegians so gallantly flocking to the Colours, the streets of the city are crowded with old butlers and cooks and bursary clerks out of work, any one of whom is capable of occupying the place of that young man you are retaining. Give up your grip upon him. The Army needs him.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Arthur Wood, Minister, Ford Street Primitive Methodist Church, Stoke, near Coventry.

REVEREND SIR,—I desire to thank you for, and to endorse, your protest on discovering you had been obliged to bury a gallant soldier in a pauper's grave at Coventry. Private Hemmings was only 21. He was on the field of battle from the start; he was gassed twice—and so was discharged from the Army with a "very good" character. But the horrible agony of that hellish gas was in his throat and lungs, and, after journeying from hospital to hospital vainly seeking cure, the gas at length killed him. So his old father and three friends—no military escort—followed to a pauper's grave in Coventry Cemetery the body of a boy who died for Britain. You were "first surprised and then indignant" because of the distasteful nature of the ceremony at which you were bidden to officiate. Your call to Coventry is to exhumate that body, and to "give it a burial of honour, in accordance with the lad's sacrifice and character." I trust the city will respond, for I am afraid these paupers' graves for heroes are but too common. It is not every Minister who dares to publish so eloquent a protest. For that dear boy's sake, and for the sake of others—I thank you.

JOHN BULL.

To Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B.

DEAR SIR DOUGLAS,—Although for the present the interest of the war centres largely in sea affairs, we have learned with the deepest satisfaction of the renewed activity of your splendid troops upon the Ancre and the Somme. The enforced retirement of the Huns from their entrenched positions is an event of wide significance, and a timely earnest of the sweeping victory that waits for the Spring. Never for an instant do we forget the bitter hardships endured by the men who through this cruel winter defended the marches of Freedom. To every unit I beg you to convey my deep respect.

JOHN BULL.

To Neville Chamberlain, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—When you were appointed Director of National Service I was one of the first to hail your appointment with delight. You came from hard business-headed Birmingham; you were the son of your great father, and you possessed "some" reputation. Now, I am the last man to judge hastily, and I am still looking forward to those good results which are essential in the national interest. But I must say that up to now I am living in hope rather than on accomplishment. Whoever is responsible for what is known as the "publicity" side of your campaign has still a thing or two to learn of the right way of appealing to the British public. That "Don't Shirk" poster is in bad taste, and in the desire for brevity the author has used an ocean of space without giving a drop of real information. Half the secret of a job like yours—an admittedly difficult job—is in getting the right men around you. Mere numbers count for nothing; brains and experience are everything.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Bathurst, M.P., Assistant Food Controller.

DEAR CAPTAIN BATHURST,—Despite the repeated promises and assurances of the Department, I perceive no signs of any real effort being made to deal with the "other goods" scandal in the matter of sugar supplies. The Department is now in possession of ample evidence of the extent and hardship unfairly imposed on the poorer classes of the population by the present state of things. "Can you tell me," writes a woman to me from Palmer's Green, "what we mothers can do to try and get sugar for our babies? Are we to see our babies die before our eyes for want of milk and sugar?" That is the cry of hundreds of poor women; either they cannot get sugar at all, or the shopkeeper makes impossible demands on them as a condition of supplying it, and meantime those who have plenty of money to carry on can get all the sugar they need—not infrequently all they demand. I am writing to you, because I understand Lord Devonport is away ill. Much as I regret that fact, the Department ought not to sit still and do nothing.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. W. Collman, Sherwell Congregational Church, Plymouth.

SIR,—You have recently been appointed Minister to the aforesaid Church, which, according to the senior deacon, has been without a pastor for a long time, and has flourished exceedingly. And now you have rolled up. Explaining why, you state you are of military age, and used to be a man of peace. But you are convinced "that the war is righteous, in which, for the sake of the Kingdom of God, we could not have failed to participate. It therefore followed," you said, bravely and rightly enough, "that it was the duty of every man and woman to help the country in these days," and you "felt strongly that"—you must help the country by military service because you are of military age? Ah, no. You "felt strongly that, as a Christian minister," you "must—stay in your Church." Oh, what a fall was there! You know your duty, but you do it not. You are going to "stand in the pulpit, and help to direct the thoughts of the nation, keeping them on the high level on which they started, and going into the homes of the people you love to help and comfort them." A "cushy" job, isn't it? Do you think you have anything to boast about? I don't.

JOHN BULL.

BULLYING IN THE ARMY.

A PROTEST AGAINST A TOO COMMON TYPE OF DRILL SERGEANT.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

LET me state plainly my attitude, because I am writing on facts supplied to me, and because I think it my duty in the public interest to make those facts known. We have fashioned a great army out of the sons of the people. High and low, rich and poor, are to-day either "doing their bit" at the front or spending laborious days in making themselves proficient as parts of the great fighting machine. You cannot possess an Army worthy of the courage of our race, and capable of maintaining our military traditions, without discipline. This implies careful training under efficient officers; proper, self-respecting obedience on the part of the men. An undisciplined Army is a rabble. There are many things a young soldier in the making has to do which may appear trivial, and even useless. But taken in the main it may be said that each duty he has to perform, every drill in which he must make himself perfect, is part of the plan to turn him out a disciplined soldier, instinctively obeying the word of command—automatically, almost, answering to the call of his officers.

Rank v. Discipline.

But the training of the young soldier must be carried out with tact, good temper, humanity, and discretion. Rank gives authority, discipline inculcates obedience. But while the one must not degenerate into brutality, the other must not sink into servility. If my information is correct—and not only have I no reason to doubt it, but it has been gathered now over quite a long period—there is an appalling amount of bullying in the training of our men. Read this, written within the last week: "The sergeant-major says that we are treated as gentlemen, but that is probably only *his* way of treating gentlemen. You are told that you are not trying, and that if you don't buck up 'you will be kicked over that'—wall." The sergeants curse one or other of the cadets the whole time, and very often they stick their faces to within about three inches of yours. Personally, I doubt if convicts get treated worse. Never by any chance is any praise given." Now that is from the letter of a good honest English fellow, who is neither a softy nor a simpleton. He is training to become an officer; he is anxious to make himself proficient; he is intelligent; he has knocked about and is quite content to rough it if need be in the country's cause. But he protests—with all the heat of indignation, with just the kind of anger induced in the decent man by being insulted and put upon—against the vulgarities and brutalities of the drill sergeant. Let me quote from another letter—this time from a wife of a soldier who is "shocked" at the kind of treatment of which her husband is the victim: "I can know no peace of mind since my visit to —. The instructor who drills the squad my husband is in seems to think it quite funny to kick and deal out blows across the face and ears of men older than himself. He seems to forget that it takes time for recruits to be as quick as himself. For all my husband does his level best and tries his hardest, yet he constantly humiliates him. My husband has had a university education (although only a Tommy) and has been exceptionally brilliant, beating all records for his age in his studies. Not only that, but he has given up a comfortable home and a salary of £7 a week. Is this not enough sacrifice? Is this sergeant a fit man to drill the King's soldiers, yelling filthy language and more filthy low-minded remarks? Think of the humiliation, having to put up with this and being defenceless."

That is a letter full of feeling, not to say sadness. "He has had a university education, although only a Tommy." There, I think, in a phrase is the whole difference between the Army of to-day and the Army of yesterday, and it is a difference which everyone in authority who has influence upon the Army should recognise. To-day Tommy may be a better man, in character, in education, than the officer. Chance raises one to commissioned rank and leaves the other to do his duty as a "common soldier."

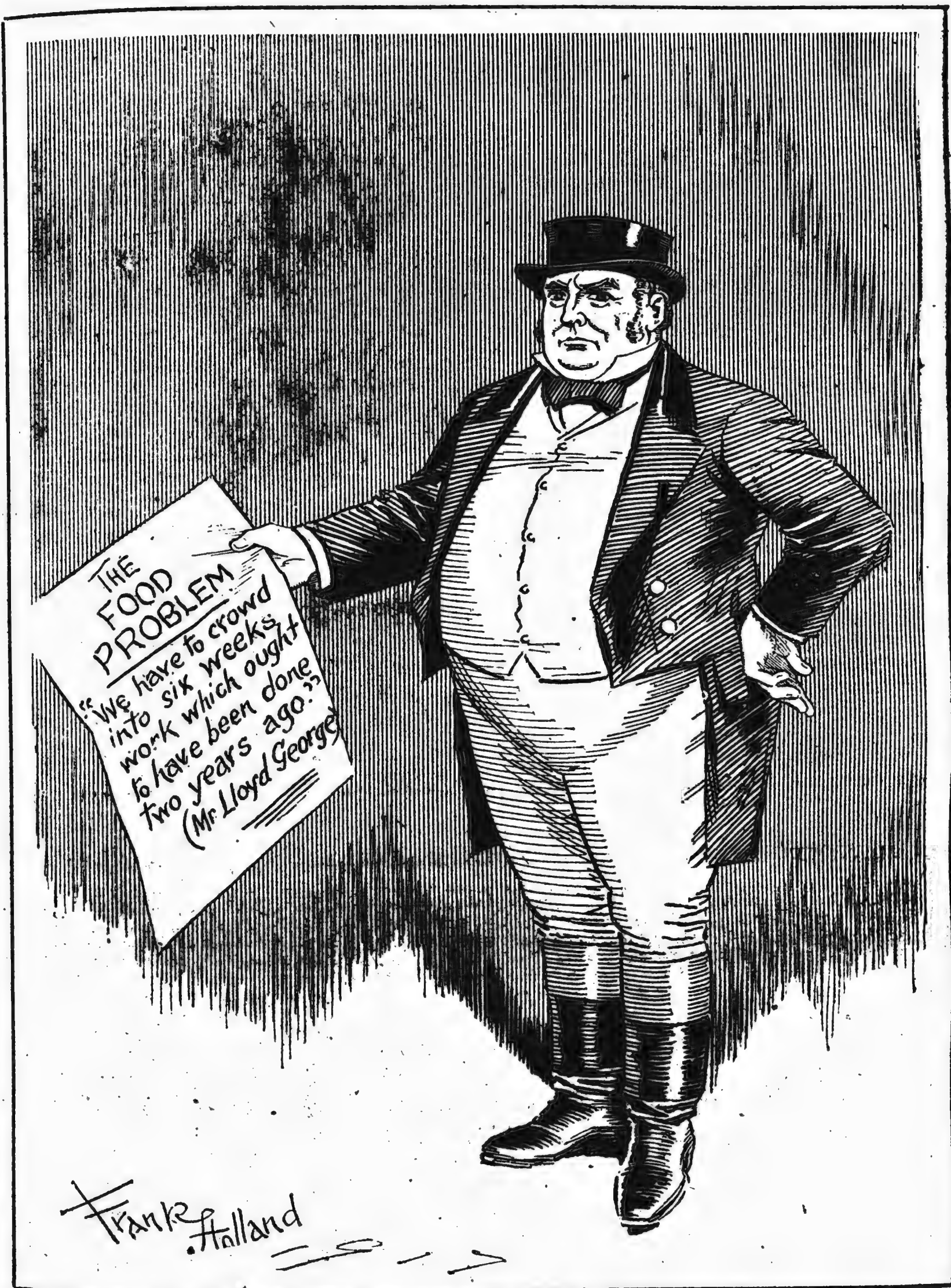
Before the War.

It was different in the days before the war. Then it was said, with some truth, that the wastrel went into the Army, the rough and the tough found refuge in the ranks. The material out of which our fighting men were formed was different. It was of coarser fibre, and the methods of drill and discipline were made to suit the material. To-day men of the old Army—non-commissioned officers—are put in authority over the men of the new Army. They may have been good fighting material, but many of them are bad instructors. Lack of education, allied to a "little brief authority," often breeds the bully, and it is the bully who in too many instances is; if not breaking the heart, seriously affecting the *moral* of the new Army. For let this be remembered: if you act brutally towards a man you tend to brutalise him. I am by no means for namby-pamby treatment of our youth, whether at school or in the Army. In neither is there any place for the milksop. But there is all the difference between proper discipline and hard training and the kind of teaching which paralyses men's intelligence by coarse admonition and the blow that too readily follows the word. You find that the quickest, if not the only, way to train a horse or a dog is kindness. ~~Brutality makes the cringing, nervous creature without confidence, without initiative.~~ All over the country to-day, on a thousand parade grounds, our sons and brothers are learning how to play the patriot to the best purpose—they are willing pupils in the means to conquer the Hun. If their willingness is imposed upon, their personal sacrifice turned into moral crucifixion, then a deep responsibility rests upon those whose duty it is to see that, from the highest to the lowest, those who compose our splendid Army of to-day are treated like gentlemen, as self-respecting citizens of the great citizen army.

It is One Army To-day.

Recently I had something to say about the "ragging" among officers, and the suicide of a promising young fellow whose comrades mistook horseplay for honest fun. The father of that youth in a subsequent letter deplored the lack of close personal relationship between the junior officer and his "C. O." If that confidence is wanting among officers—if that kind of exalted aloofness which some Colonels consider necessary for discipline were removed, the effect would be immediately felt right through the ranks. I know of officers who have almost an affection for their men—whom they look after their happiness with splendid care. Where such a spirit exists the bullying by a "non-com." is impossible, where it is absent anything is possible—and the man dare not complain. Hundreds of thousands of families are to-day deeply concerned in the Army because their loved ones form part of it. They have a right to be assured that all attempts at brutality and bullying will be put down with a ruthless hand. Let us leave that sort of beast business to the Hun.

THE LEGACY.



"WHO IS TO HANG?"

CÆSAR AND KAISER.

THE BLIGHT OF THE AGES—HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

By A. G. HALES.

NOTHING is so misleading as ignorance. Our self-anointed public men are in many essential respects woefully ill-informed; they know little of life or people outside the neighbourhood in which they were born and reared, or else they seldom have the capacity to digest the scanty knowledge that has come their way. To most of our politicians, German history commenced somewhere about the period of the last Franco-Prussian War—1870-1—or that at best the history of Germany dated no farther back than the Napoleonic era, and they seem to consider themselves deep students of Germanic records when they prove themselves familiar with the fact that the great Corsican once planted his standards in the German capital. They talk vaguely of a prior period when Frederick the Great cursed mankind with his blighting presence on this planet, much as William the Hohenzollern is doing to-day. Anything earlier than that relative to Germany is to our sadly ill-equipped Parliamentary simply nebulous conjecture—had it been otherwise, the course of the present war, and even its beginning, would have been very different. I am sadly afraid few of our political or military people study history. Yet history is the cradle and the nursery of wisdom; for history eternally repeats itself, and he who knows what a certain race of people have done in the past, is in a position to judge, or at least to form a fairly accurate estimate of, what that same people will do again under somewhat similar circumstances. There is always an excuse for the man-in-the-street; he is too hard-driven getting his daily bread to devote time to the study of historic problems. There is, however, no real excuse for the person who poses as a leader and a thinker, if he does not make a study of the history of the various nations, and so equip himself to lead his own people properly—he is not what he represents himself to be; he is merely a charlatan.

Things Cæsar Found Out.

Cæsar, whose reputation for profound military skill and statesmanlike sagacity has endured for over two thousand years, knew more about the Germans, even in that far-off day, than any British statesman knew in 1914; for he fought them again and again before he ever invaded Britain. And what Cæsar learnt concerning the Germans, by practical experience both on the battlefields and in the arena of diplomacy, he left to posterity—to us—in the form of written memoirs so lucid and simple that even a twentieth century Parliamentary could understand, provided he were not too stupid or too egoistic to read and learn. As a matter of fact, the simplicity and directness of Cæsar's literary style could scarcely be equalled, certainly not improved upon, by any war correspondent of this country. The great Roman left his lessons to us; the pity is that so few men trouble to learn them. Napoleon was one of the few men who did; he studied until he knew Cæsar's career backwards, and my advice to all politicians and soldiers is—read the "Commentaries." Then, even if born a fool, you will have glimmerings of sense; if born a genius, you will add to your brilliance—even diamonds can be polished. The mighty Roman who conquered the world leaves it upon record that the German is restless, turbulent, ambitious of conquest and dominion; a brutal master and a false friend; a ravisher of women, a plunderer, a savage, lawless, lustful, inhuman devil, who shows no mercy to the weak and keeps faith only with the strong—who are steadfast enough to make him repent broken pledges, and dishonest treaties. Where did Cæsar learn all this? He fought murdering hordes of them on the Aisne, on the Marne and on the Rhine,

and in Germany itself across the Rhine. These names sound strangely familiar to us—for where Cæsar fought, our troops in this war have fought, excepting on the Rhine; that is to come a little later.

"Peace, Komrade, Peace!"

We have heard the peace cry from the Germans. So did Cæsar, nearly every time he had them in a tight place, and each time he gave them peace they used it to get ready to attack him when they thought they had him at a disadvantage—just as they will use it to attack us when circumstances and opportunity meet, unless we crush their power for ever. Their history condemns them for what they are—a race of nation-crushers. As they did to the women of Belgium in 1914, so they did to the women of the Belgæ when they had them in their power before Christ was crucified at Jerusalem—I mention this to drive home the antiquity of their iniquities. As they were, they are; as they are, they will be until they are crushed out of existence—a race of spies, bullies, bravos, and ravishers, but grim fighters when their backs are to the wall; a race of robbers and looters, professing Christianity, they would steal the thorns from the crown of Christ to adorn a Kaiser's triumph!

Vain Boasting.

The Germans were always great boasters and loved to threaten terrible things, even as they do to-day. Cæsar had occasion to deal with one great German chief, named Ariovistus, who had crossed the Rhine and turned the conquered territory into an earthly hell, as Belgium is at this hour, ill-using the women until they perished of disease, and enslaving the men. Cæsar cut in upon this foul conduct, and the German haughtily replied, "The treatment of conquered peoples rested entirely with the conquerors." When Cæsar disputed this and hinted at war with Rome, the German retorted that, "No Roman general had ever met him on the field without going to destruction, and Cæsar had only to seek him in battle to learn the mettle of the Germans, who had never tasted defeat and had been trained from infancy to arms, and for fourteen years had never slept beneath a roof." When Cæsar had finished with this man and his host, they all slept beneath the soil; in one great battle, out of 60,000 Germans who went into the fray less than a thousand were left alive when the Roman pursuit ceased. Yes, Cæsar knew how to handle Germans; I hope Haig does! Our position against Germany is reminiscent of the Roman attack on those barbarians. Our warrior chief, Lord Kitchener, threw a handful of Britons against these people for invading Belgium; Cæsar went for the same purpose with only a few highly-disciplined legions—and the dauntless courage of both British and Romans will live for ever. Cæsar cowed the Germans; he did not crush them—they rose again, and from that hour to this they have cursed the world with militarism. All through the ages they have been attacking someone weaker than themselves; it was their boast, and they meant it, that if they got here they would not leave a virgin or a sovereign behind them. God give us a steel-chilled man—swift of brain and action as Cæsar or Napoleon, daring as Nelson, cold as Kitchener, and as ruthless as Destiny—a man bold enough first to crush the spies within our gates who are doing our fighting lads to death treacherously, and then—on to the only end that will count, the dismantling of Germany, the utter and remorseless wiping out of Prussian power for ever and for ever, or the world—our world—will within ten years be again deluged in blood; rape, murder, pillage, enslavement will again be rampant. Britons, we must finish this job properly!

THE MOTHER'S LAST**AND MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES WHO ARE FIT FOR SERVICE.**

Speaking for the War Office in the House of Commons on the question whether military representatives of Tribunals are frequently of military age and fit for active service, Mr. Macpherson by no means answered the question. "The policy of the Department," he stated, with wide generalisation, "is to employ officers who are unfit for general service." The work of Military Representative can be readily performed by men over military age not medically fit for service in the Army. That being so, it is improper for the War Office to employ fit men of military age in that capacity. Here are these more or less young bucks in khaki employed in forcing hard cases into the fighting ranks, and at the same time giving themselves the airs of a Battalion Commander and not infrequently indulging in grotesque jokes and impertinent, unfeeling, and even senseless observations at the expense of those they are sending away to fight. Of the age and medical classification of the Military Representative at the Southwark Tribunal we know nothing. But when the Tribunal had before them an anxious mother pleading for the release of her only son, a boy 18 years old—her husband was fighting; her two other sons have been killed—said this patriotic warrior, safe and sound at home: "He has his duty to the country to perform the same as the others"; brutally adding—in reply to the question, put by a member of the Tribunal, "Then you would send the mother as well?"—"Yes, if I could." A wounded Tommy sends us that newspaper report from his bed in the Military Hospital at Bristol. "That Military Representative," he writes, "should be exposed. I wonder has he ever been to the Front, and has he a mother of his own?" Let us tell the War Office bluntly and clearly that Military Representatives of this type not only hamper themselves in their own objects before the Tribunals, but excite disgust and depress the patriotic spirit in the community. They suggest comparisons and analogies about Potsdam and Zabern which of their own will British people would rather not make. Just now, when the War Office are busy combing out the teachers, let them glance aside and comb out some of their Military Representatives who have quite sufficiently outraged public feeling by their loquacious impudence and callous audacity.

PIMPLE PIPPED!**DISQUIETING BAN UPON A KAISER FILM.**

We know that Pimple is a star artist of the cinema business, we know that he is in khaki. And we know that there is in existence a comedy film, in two reels, entitled "Pimple Strafing the Kaiser." Now, we consider Mr. Pimple was very usefully employed when he did that, and we should much like to see the pictured record of his fine feat. It seems, however, that our hopes are doomed to disappointment. The War Office objects. According to a letter sent out by the firm that controls the film, "re the film 'Strafing the Kaiser,' which you have booked from us, we have to-day received a telegram which reads as follows:—'War Office strongly object to 'Strafing the Kaiser'; will prosecute any person showing film.' Under these circumstances, therefore, we are cancelling this subject, as we have no desire to run our customer into any trouble with the War Office, and while awaiting further details from London, we have no doubt this step will be taken under some clause in the Defence of the Realm Act." But surely the War Office has no other business on hand than "Strafing the Kaiser"? Yet it "strongly objects" because a popular comedian has taken a hand in the game. This solicitude for the sacred person of the Satanic Emperor—this desire to spare his feelings, to save him from ridicule, to preserve his Majesty from satire—is a very disquieting thing. It suggests an Unseen Hand at the War Office, and unseen influence that would still shield the unholy Wilhelm. If this is not a Comedy War, the Kaiser must be "strafed," because that is what we are fighting for, even as he daily declares his desire to "strafe England," the "most hated enemy." To ban, under the threat of punishment, a film that makes fun of the brute beast is a step in the wrong direction. The time to be polite to the Kaiser has long gone by.

A DOCTOR CENSURED.**THE MONEY-DOWN METHOD AT YORK.**

Something like a sensation has been created in the city of York by the evidence adduced at a recent inquest, when Dr. Peter Schmidt, of Heslington Road, was formally censured by the jury for alleged professional neglect. Especially interesting was the doctor's own confession that when called to attend a six-months old baby, the child of poor parents, he had demanded his fee in advance before entering the house. Dr. Schmidt was not in the least ashamed to own that he had taken 3s. out of 4s., which was all the poor mother had. Even after this, his attendance was of a most perfunctory character, and it was chiefly to this point that the criticism of the Coroner was directed. "The Doctor, no doubt, was strictly within his legal rights in asking for the fee beforehand, but once he had taken the fee he was legally bound to go on attending the case." Whether Dr. Schmidt knew that the sick baby's father was a soldier fighting for his country we are unable to say—we hope not.

A BILLETING FRAUD.**MOCK SERGEANT'S WORTHLESS CHEQUES.**

Several weeks ago the police were said to be "well on the track" of a rascal who, in the Chiswick neighbourhood, had perpetrated a peculiarly daring fraud. Dressed as an Army sergeant, this fellow had visited a number of houses in a working-class district, pretending that he had been sent by the military authorities to arrange for the billeting of soldiers. Calling in the daytime, he had mostly had women to deal with, his plan being to extract 6d. from each housewife as a sort of earnest of her agreement to be ready for the soldiers on the following day. In exchange for the sixpences the women were provided with worthless cheques for £2, bearing meaningless initials in the place of signatures, which, it was said, would be cashed by an officer calling in a day or so to complete the transaction. Unfortunately, this transparent fraud seems to have attained considerable success. The culprit is described as a man between 24 and 27, some further clue to his identity being afforded by the fact that the cheque-book (stolen) was issued by a certain branch of the London, City and Midland Bank. In view of the time which has elapsed, and hints of similar enterprises elsewhere, we should be glad to know if any arrest has yet been made.

SWEET CHARITY.**FIRST LESSONS IN WAR ECONOMY.**

A soldier's widow with a pension of 30s. a week may at the first glance appear relatively well-to-do, but when it is stated that there are eight children to keep, the eldest being still of school age, the matter assumes another aspect. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association were, therefore, appealed to for assistance in such a case. For a woman with the whole of 30s. a week, all to herself—and her eight children—there could, of course, be no thought of charitable relief. However, the Society, though economical of cash, were prodigal of advice. "I think," wrote one of their Lady Visitors, "that if you would make out a detailed account of every penny you spend in a week it would help us to see how the money goes." But this actuarial hint was by no means the limit of ladylike counsel. It was shrewdly pointed out—who else would ever have thought of it?—that golden syrup would "go much farther" if mixed with hot water, and that watered syrup was a tasty and refreshing, if not nutritious, substitute for bread and margarine. At the same time, it was hinted that a further substantial economy might be effected by the happy expedient of "using less bread." Nor is it quite fair to say that practical assistance was wholly withheld. The worried mother was almost promised a tin of beef at some future date, while she was further advised to call at an address in Clapham, where it was quite possible that a philanthropic lady in the overflowing goodness of her heart would present her with a pair of old boots. Let's hope that after their official rations of watered syrup the kiddies won't eat them when they arrive.

THERE are a score of men to-day who should be hiding their heads in shame. They assumed high office and took large salaries, not to govern the nation in fair weather only, but also in the hour of trial if ever it came upon us. It came with all the suddenness and surprise of "a bolt from the blue." It found the People ready, the Government unprepared; and from that dark hour in August, 1914, until almost the present moment it is the People who have been ready—the governed who have waited only to be told what to do to win through to victory—it is those who govern who have paltered with our Imperial destiny, have betrayed their trust and jeopardised the Empire. If the men who to-day are sneaking in the shades of Opposition had their deserts, twenty hempen ropes would dangle from as many lamp-posts, and would dangle with these men at their ends. Let there be no mistake about this: Deep down in the hearts of the British people there surges a great ocean of anger and resentment. In thousands upon thousands of homes in these green islands of ours the head of sorrow is bowed low—because the men in whom the nation put its trust proved false to their duties, traitors to the nation's cause.

The Call to the Nation.

Sacrifices, poignant and awful, have been made with quiet resignation—in the true spirit of patriotic renunciation of all held most dear—where it is known that the loss has been inevitable, the precious life given for a great cause under fair conditions. But thousands of good men, the hope of women's hearts, the flower of this great nation of ours, have gone to an avoidable end, have paid the bitter price of wasted life exacted for Incompetence and Indecision. To-day we are called upon to make fresh surrenders, new sacrifices. But at the worst they are only sacrifices of creature comforts, surrenders of ingrained habits. Some of us will be better for the changed conditions—better bodily because we had grown soft and indulgent in the long years of peace; better morally because not a day will pass without our being made conscious of something given up to help in the winning of the war—some deprivation made necessary to hasten the hour of victory. As I have said a hundred times, there is no call—no fair, legitimate call—which can be made upon the People to which a ready and a cheerful response will not be given. The trouble in the past has been that the weak-kneed wobblers, the maudlin sentimentalists who tried to make war with rose water and to crush the enemy with words, feared to deal frankly with the public. Essential actions were either delayed or attempted with timorous hands, because the politicians measured a nation's spirit in the terms of the polling booth.

Public Indignation.

"Too late"—that has been the grim motto inscribed over the doors of Downing Street; "Wait and See" the criminal chorus which was sung by the Old Gang until its melody meant murder—and every mother's son called to the Colours had risks a hundred-fold added to his chance of Death before the enemy because men who loved to dally, and feared to do, usurped high office and degraded positions of grave responsibility.

WANTED: TWENTY LAMP-POSTS FOR THE LAWYERS

By THE

There is flaming indignation in many a heart to-day; and the fires of resentment will never die down until the criminal crew who trifled with an Empire's fate and fiddled with incompetent fingers while Europe burned are brought to trial for their offence, and made to pay the full penalty for their misdeeds against the Commonwealth, their rank crimes against the State. What do we find? Sudden measures, necessarily conceived in haste, are now brought forward by the Prime Minister in order to counteract the gross sins of omission and commission of the old Government. We are asked to agree to plans scraped together in six weeks which should have been, and could have been, perfected and put in operation over two years ago. I declare, with a full sense of responsibility, that to-day we should have won the war and now have been concerning ourselves with the happy task of reconstructing our Empire for a long era of peace, if the Ministerial gang which betrayed their Imperial responsibilities had been live, red-blooded Englishmen, instead of cold, anæmic, arm-chair theorists or self-seeking lawyers.

Lamp-posts for the Lawyers.

Wanted: twenty ropes—yes, the hempen strands which hang reputations as high as Haman—to dangle before the public gaze the pitiable attempts of the miserable lawyers to make war always with one eye on the main chance for themselves, and the other peering for the possibility of "something turning up." If we had lost the war, I need not predict what their fate would have been. These creatures have so long imposed upon the nation's patriotism and patience that down to the very last, when they were kicked from office, they believed they were still regarded as "Indispensable." To-day, instead of being men bent with shame and remorse, they dare to consider themselves as ill-used; they have the impudence to hanker for office again, and in their criminal desire to put their hands once more into the public Treasury there are those among them who would not stop at embarrassing the new Government. Just realise this: there is not a single step taken by Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues in the last month which could not have been taken two, yes, nearly three years ago. At the very commencement of the war I saw the danger, and urged Ministers to put every available acre of land under cultivation. But they knew better—the food problem was a myth! We "ruled the seas," and in their blatant arrogance they were blind to the obvious dangers of the submarine and to the risk of German cruisers breaking through the cordon of our Fleet and playing the cruel and costly game of commerce-raiding in the Atlantic. Then there came the growing public demand for the preservation of our food supply by increasing home crops. Some of us who had forced the matter upon the public notice were denounced as panic-mongers, and when the

TWENTY ROPES.

LAWYERS—A WICKED LEGACY.

THE EDITOR.

criticisms of the Government made Ministers uncomfortable they did two things: one, the usual thing, they appointed a Committee; the other, a new device, they forged a weapon under the Defence of the Realm Act, an infamous tool with which to bludgeon the Press into silence. They put at the head of that strange and weird organisation, the Press Bureau, a lawyer who tried to gag the Press into silence or alternatively to coerce it into praise of all the muddlers of Downing Street, and before he gave up his desk in Whitehall he tried to kill criticism and to strangle the voice of public opinion. What did he claim as his chief function as Press Censor? It was to make it impossible for the newspapers to turn out the Government of noodles and nincompoops. If this smug official had had his way, Sir E. Grey would still be playing with Tino and making a joke of the blockade; cotton would be carried under the pugnacious nose of our glorious Navy to make explosives for the enemy. But for the Press—which the Government did its best to muzzle—we should have lost the war for the want of high explosive shell; and at the moment when Germany once more tried to blast her way *via* Verdun to Paris, the splendid British Army would have shed tears of blood because its guns would have been silent.

A Bit of Secret History.

All honour to the present Prime Minister for having used the British Press to beat down the ignorance or the indifference—both are crimes in war—of those in authority who would not look the facts in the face, and slumbered while for want of shell our men went to the great sleep which knows no waking. It was Mr. Lloyd George who was made to realise the danger of our shell shortage; it was Mr. Lloyd George who summoned the Press to his aid—a certain meeting with a certain peer of the Press will prove to be one of the most significant and dramatic incidents of this awful drama of war; and it was because of the agitation in the newspapers that a great peril was overcome—a danger so big and pregnant with defeat that I shudder now as I think of it, was averted. You remember that Committee which inquired into our food supply. It reported in 1915, and it recommended giving a guaranteed price to the farmer, so that if he spent his capital in putting more of his land under wheat he would be insured against loss. Mr. Asquith's Government contemptuously rejected the proposal—to-day, more than 18 months after, that guarantee is given by the present Government, but given at a time when, if not too late, it is dangerously near it if we are to have the advantage at the next harvest. Think of it; realise the enormity of the offence of a Government which, in the second month of the war—in September, 1914—had the ignorance and the impudence to declare that they "would not be justified in holding out a financial inducement to farmers to increase their acreage of cereals." If the men who muddled and misgoverned

had shown patriotic common-sense in 1914, had laid aside their partisan prejudices, and forgotten their "economic" fads—had realised, in a word, that we were at war—the submarine peril, the danger which faces us in the shortage of ships for bringing us food from overseas, would by this time have passed. Instead of drastic measures for the feeding of our own people, the Government would have

been free to devote themselves to getting the enemy by the throat and the stomach.

A Wicked Legacy.

To what extent Mr. Lloyd George was a party to these dangerous and delaying methods I am not prepared to say. At any rate, we know he has "found salvation"; and, whatever his share of the guilt, he is atoning by the courage and energy with which he is attacking the problems left as a wicked legacy by his late colleagues. But do not let the Prime Minister attempt to make any excuses for those dark, bad days. Whether or not he remonstrated at the indifference to the food danger, we know he fought hard and won in the matter of shells. Let him realise that every speech he makes, every step he takes, is a crushing indictment of those with whom he once sat in council. He has turned "King's evidence"; his speeches are speeches for the prosecution of the Old Gang. And let me say something more, in all sincerity and candour. Do not let the Government—which has properly renounced the old Hide-the-Truth policy and is now making revelation, honestly and frankly, of the dangers and difficulties which beset our path while taking strong and immediate measures to deal with them—lose all sense of proportion. "Keep your heads." That is my advice to the Cabinet. There is not the smallest ground for panic, I say, and I repeat that the Hun is beaten and broken. If we just maintain our nerve at home and show the same splendid courage and endurance as the men at the Front, there is nothing to fear. It is only natural that this sudden display of candour after nearly three years of deceit and humbug should have a disturbing effect on the public mind. But let us all remember that there is nothing new in the situation—the submarine menace is a thing of many months. What is new is that the People are told the truth. And it is the truth we want, however momentarily disturbing it may be. Whatever is demanded of us we shall give. We have just been asked to lend our money, and the answer has, to the Government, proved electrical. As to men—well, remember we have to work and maintain our financial position as well as find men for the fighting lines. Don't let us have any more muddle on that score. And when I read of a suggestion to conscript up to fifty years of age I begin to wonder who are the panicky folk. How long it will be before the enemy is finally broken in the field depends upon military considerations whose full significance can be revealed only in the secrecy of the Cabinet. There is the strategy of the Great Push; there are the tactics of attrition—each to be judged relative to the cost in men, the price in casualties. A hundred considerations will condition the time and manner of our Victory. There is no ground for depression; the sky to some of you may for the moment appear cloudy, but there is the Sun of Victory waiting to burst through. Be of good cheer! It will soon be over!

AN INJUSTICE AT BELFAST.

ABLE-BODIED TRAM-MAN AND A POOR WIDOW.

Mrs. McCann was travelling on a Belfast tramcar. The conductor, a young fellow of 18, said her two tiny children were standing on the seat, and that, when he remonstrated, she called him "an ugly-looking brat." And he says she struck him twice. So Mrs. McCann was summoned for assaulting and abusing a conductor whom we assume is not ugly, but handsome. In addition to casting a slur upon his personal appearance, Mrs. McCann seems to have suggested that he "ought to be in the trenches," and that "if the Germans caught sight of him they would shoot him"—not very unnatural remarks. Her story is that her husband was killed in France, she has three little children, and is expecting another. She complained of being hustled, and that, when mounting the car, she was obliged to cry, "My God! mind the child." Two gentlemen, travelling by the car, gave evidence on her behalf, and swore that she neither struck nor abused that good-looking, able-bodied young conductor, Edward Arnold, Esquire. But the Magistrates, by a majority, decided to convict the poor, harassed, soldier's widow, and she had to pay, in fines and costs, 14s. We are glad to note that the Chairman of the Bench said he did not agree with the decision. He "could not believe that the two gentlemen for the defence came down there to swear deliberate lies. He was of opinion that the conductor had exceeded his duty." And that is our opinion. It seems to us that the nice-looking Mr. Arnold felt wild when he saw two little kiddies clamber on to a seat, and, moved to say a few things to the widowed mother, was further annoyed when she paid him a compliment in return. That a woman in her delicate condition assaulted him we cannot credit, and we are sorry the Belfast Police Court took a contrary view. Such poor souls as Mrs. McCann, left lonely in their hour of need because their man has died for his country, deserve better treatment.

FRIENDS OF THE ENEMY.

THE QUEER CAPERS OF THE CADBURY CLIQUE.

In these hard times many British families are feeling the pinch of privation, but as far as we can gather there is nothing lacking to the comfort of "Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress," who continue to enjoy the patronage of the "Emergency Committee" of the Society of Friends of the "Emergency Committee" of the Society of Friends. It formed at the suggestion of Mr. J. Hotham Cadbury. It seems that under the auspices of this Committee two separate Funds have been created—an "Aliens-Fund" for the general relief of Distressed Huns, and a "Camp Fund" for special work at the various Internment Camps; and under these two heads no less a sum than £1,455 has been accounted for in the period covered by the last published balance sheet. It is noticeable that the name of Cadbury figures no fewer than 11 times in the List of Contributions—side by side with such homely patronymics as Engels, Hirsch, Reinhardt and Schurhoff—the Cocoa Cranks being actually responsible for some £350 of the published total. Having borne so large a share in "paying the piper," it is not surprising that the Chocolate Philanthropists should insist on "calling the tune"; and, indeed, it seems that from the outset they have had things pretty much their own way. The latest Report contains a "Minute," adopted at an early meeting of the Committee, which has apparently formed the basis of their later activities. It runs:—

J. Hotham Cadbury and others have brought before us the unfortunate position of Germans and Austrians now stranded in Birmingham, in many cases without work and in distress. We ask Friends to bear them in mind in loving sympathy.

By this time, however, there cannot—or should not—be many Huns left at large in Birmingham, and if the Cadbury Camarilla are sighing for fresh worlds of woe to succour they might do worse than contemplate a relief expedition to Berlin.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



Of 'tater growers is there one
Who thinks nine Bradburys per ton
A reasonable price and fair
For "balls of floury" pommes de terre?



Although it's widely understood
That Barker's done a deal of good,
The Medical "Profess" refuse
Of his great talents to make use.



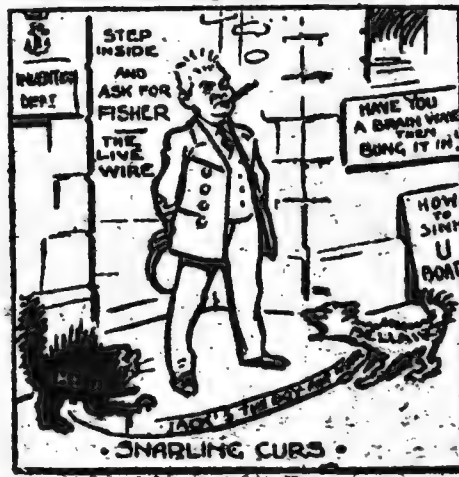
Twixt Chamberlain and Derby, too,
What's Mister Forty-Five to do?
If he obeys the word to "work,"
The Army may exclaim: "You shirk!"



The Kaiser and his pirate chief
Are obviously filled with grief
Because their "Untersee" campaign
Brings them much loss and little gain.



The Chancellor, to fill his purse,
To Bonus Bonds is not averse;
But since he has "an open mind"
To take the step he's disinclined!



The curs who snarl at Fisher's nose
He with contemptuous silence deals.
A staunch old sea-dog such as he
Scorns scandal and contumely.

BIFFED !!

But still cool and comfortable

YOU may safely undertake any water risks so long as McClinton's Shaving Cream is your chief standby. The persuasive qualities of this preparation immediately overcome the reluctance of the hardest water, and the resultant rich, creamy lather softens the beard—no matter how stubborn—"in a trice." Furthermore, McClinton's Shaving Cream does not contain anything which can sting or burn the skin. Thus, by its use you are assured of a delightful, cool shave, and a skin left refreshed and comfortable.

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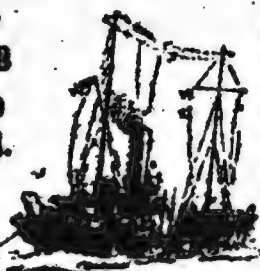
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"YES, I suppose it is a bit nerve searching, especially when an enemy periscope is sighted just as we've heaved the 'horned death' to the surface. But, bless you! a life at sea has its compensations . . . and the amazing tonic of danger is not the least of 'em. When the tension is over, a 'Classic' is my first thought—always!"

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And to Banish Any Serious
FOOT TROUBLES.

Painful gout, lumbago, sciatica, and other uric acid disorders also any bad foot troubles, such as chilblains, aching, tenderness, galledness, corns, bunions, etc., disappear with remarkable rapidity.

Prominent men give signed interviews explaining the benefits derived from baths in hot water containing the ordinary sodium sulphate compound which all chemists can supply at slight cost. A marvellous substitute for costly spa treatment.

Mr. Eugene Corri, of the National Sporting Club, and the world's premier referee said:—"The medicated water stops any rheumatic pains in a few minutes. Just like a visit to a spa."

Eugene Corri

Corporal Jim Sullivan, Ex-Middleweight Champion and well-known army physical trainer said:—"There could be nothing better or more quickly effective for rheumatic pains, aches, swellings and stiffness nor for any foot tortures. Never saw anything else half so good."

Jim Sullivan

Mr. Frank Morley, prominent promoter of sporting events, boxing editor of *News of the World*, *Ten Topics*, etc., etc., said:—"I have tried the salted baths, and they have been so good to me I want nothing else so have joined the rapidly growing chorus that is singing their praises."

Frank Morley

Mr. Harry Pilcer, the well-known dancer, said:—"In one week I was able to walk without discomfort and commence practising my dances again. In three weeks my serious rheumatic attack was completely and permanently cured."

Harry Pilcer

NOTE.—The wonderful curative baths referred to above are prepared by dissolving common refined Epsom Bath Salts in hot water. One to two to four spoonfuls are required for a full bath or a teaspoonful for a strong foot bath. This standard compound is very inexpensive, and exactly reproduces the highly medicated and oxygenated waters of famous natural curative springs.

For Liver Disorders use Kalsel.—Adv't.

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FROM 'LINOLAND'

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

All Wye fights now, not merely for himself, but for the honour, the glory, and the prestige of the branch of his Majesty's Forces to which he belongs, very much like the public school boy who holds on until the last gasp for his school. That, at least, was the feeling I had when I sat by the ring at the National Sporting Club and saw him in his successful contest with Curly Walker, the best man, I should say, he has ever met. There was just one flaw in his boxing; he had a weakness for holding his opponent's glove. Walker is a fast, tricky, masterful, two-handed boxer, and one with a particularly heavy punch, but Wye was just as fast, and what served him in good stead was his magnificent stamina.

I could not refrain from laughing in my sleeve at the idea of Jimmy Wilde getting into khaki; but—do you know?—the little man as a Tommy is not a bit funny. When he was invited to show himself in the ring at the N.S.C. he looked every inch a soldier—very tiny, of course, but not a caricature of the real thing at all. We who regard him as the most wonderful boxer at his weight we have ever had, are keenly looking forward to his contest with Clark for the Championship. You will find that Clark is an immeasurably better

man than Rossner and the Zulu Kid, the much-advertised but very ordinary Americans.

"Sport, especially boxing, has done so much for charity (writes one of my readers), that I am wondering whether it is not possible to get Carpentier over here to give some exhibitions for one or other of our noble war charities—the Red Cross or some such institution." In reply, I might say that at the present moment efforts are being made to get him over for such a good object. What a crowd of sportsmen there will be to see Carpentier spar with my friend John Hopley, the greatest heavy-weight the Varsities ever turned out, and who is now in England after having been wounded "out there"!

Lieut.-Col. R. A. Reith, commanding the 29th Training Reserve Battalion, is an especially enthusiastic champion of boxing, and on the occasion of the assault-at-arms at the Hippodrome, Southend, invited all young men in the Army to take to using the gloves. "For," he said in effect, "boxing is a man's game—it demands so much; it teaches so much; it makes you laugh at fear; it insists on cleanliness and orderliness, and it breeds the best soldiers. The man who can box, the man who likes boxing and all the hard sports, is the man who is first over the top and never turns back!"

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Good evenin', yore grace. I don't orten 'ave the charnce, but I rather like shavin' you gents o' the clorth. You seem to 'ave more face to work on then ordinary people. I've 'ad yore brother London in 'ere once or twice. It's a treat to go over 'is top lip. There's one or two awkward corners round 'is mouth what wants careful negotiatin', I'll admit. But on the 'ole e's a easy subject. . . . Well, 'ow's the National Mission of Repentance an' 'Ope gittin' on, yore grace? Too much 'ope an' not enough repentance? It ain't surprisin'. You see, we've got plenty of grounds for 'ope, an' not much cause fur repentance—unless on the part of the pre-wore politicians wot couldn't see the wore comin' even w'en it was starin' 'em in the face, an' therefore didn't make no proper preparations. I seen some o' the placards wot the National Mission 'avo 'ad stuck up 'ere an' there, with extracks from a article wrote by a good ole pal o' mine—Oratio Bottomley by name—an' alleged extracks from pore ole Bob's dyin' speech, an' some o' Admiral Beatty's remarks. But so fur as I can 'ear it turns out, thet Lord Bobs never sed nuthink of the kind. Enny'ow, 'Oratio seems to 'ave put the Bishop o' London into a corner over it. I'm glad to see, yore grace,

thet the Church is goin' to turn over a new leaf, stop disparagin' us British in the face of the enemy, an' begin to do some work on be'arf of the nation at large. . . . Oh, I dessay, yore grace. No doubt the proper fulfilment of a clergyman's ordinary duties is work of national importance—in peace time. But now thet pretty near everybody is bein' taken away from their ordinary duties to do somethink else on be'arf of the country, I don't see w'y the clergy shouldn't 'ave to do the same. So long as there's a old or unfit parson left in each parish to do the 'atches, matches, an' dispatches, I don't see w'y the able-bodied psalm-smithers shouldn't lend a 'and at munitions or turnip-'oein' like ennybody else. . . . Ow's thet fur close, yore rever—grace, I mean? . . . Wot's thet, sir—I've took advantage of yore semi-recumbent position an' my possession of a lethal weapon to subject you to unwelcome observations? Thet's a very 'arsh way of puttin' it, sir. I ortways try to entertain my customers w'en possible, an' thort I was doin' so. You don't give no tips in wore time? Orl right; don't worry, yore grace. I don't put no tips in the collection plate in wore time, so we're about square. Good evenin', yore grace!

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A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:

"No case of harshness or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."

Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, 19th August, 1916

England's Last Hope.

A short time ago, a draft of convalescent men, who were by no means fitted for the field, was sent back to France from Winchester. Within a week several of them returned home on a hospital ship, and are now at Netley. If we had such a report concerning the Germans, how the newspapers would pounce upon the item, with a view to proving conclusively that the enemy was at his last gasp!

A Case for Inquiry.

We trust that the Army Council will look into the following case:—A delicate soldier was placed in detention, in Staffordshire, and was condemned to No. 1 Punishment Diet—which means bread and water. He became seriously ill, with pains in his head, and could not walk without stumbling. There was some delay in obtaining a doctor for him, and when it was discovered that he was in a dangerous condition he was placed in an ambulance, to be removed to the infirmary. However, before he passed the gates of the Detention Barracks he was dead. Of course, the Military doctors whitewashed themselves and the system, but that did not impress the Coroner and his jury. The man must have been ill for a considerable time, and would have probably been alive now had his case, in its earlier stages, been brought to the notice of a civilian practitioner.

More Bungling in India.

We thought that the train disaster in India last year would have kept the authorities up to concert pitch—but that they are still slack and casual is proved by the treatment of the Royal Sussex Regiment, who recently shifted from Bangalore to Burhan Camp, on the North-West Frontier. The soldiers were crowded into coolie carriages for the long and hot journey, and suffered miseries by day and tortures by night—as to lie down and sleep was out of the question. The India Office appears to be the rottenest of our State Departments. Nobody there seems to know anything about our great Eastern Empire.

No Consolation at Catterick.

We recently received a communication from a very high authority at the War Office, asking us not to believe rumours that were in existence concerning the condition and treatment of the men in Catterick Camp. With all due respect, we prefer the evidence of our own eyes and ears, and can assure the bureaucrat in question that it is about time an inquiry were held into everything concerning the Camp. We will say no more for the present; but if there is not betterment we shall certainly go into the matter in detail, and the story will not be pleasant reading for that section of the civilian public that takes an interest in the fighting man's welfare—particularly the fighting man who has been sent home from the Front to a so-called convalescent camp.

Puzzled Australians.

Australian soldiers tell us that the issue of rum to the 8th Division has been cut out. They have another grievance. According to the 3rd Divisional Orders, the soldier is supposed to have the brim of his hat turned down, and to wear the badge in front—yet at Weymouth the Military Police stop the men and order them to turn the brim up at the side and to remove the badge. Who is right—the General in Command or the Army Red-caps?

A Considerate Commander.

The Officer in Command of the Eastern Area Forage Department, A.S.C., at Bury St. Edmunds, is to be congratulated on having issued an Order which might be generally copied throughout the Service. It reads: "In view of the long list of punishments each week, it is felt that very much might be done by Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers in a quiet way to maintain discipline amongst the men employed in this area. The class of work and surroundings of our men are quite peculiar—none of the men are physically fit and sound in all respects. They, therefore, call for special consideration, because there is always a great tendency for small detachments of men to become slack, if not properly handled. It must also be realised that the great majority of the soldiers employed in this department are not trained, and most of them are crocks." This is the way to foster loyalty and respect among the men.

The Great Game.

Football is a great game, but war is the greater one. Yet we are informed that, at Dover, 20 men have been ashore since a fortnight before Christmas, playing football. Their places among the men on board have had to be filled; this means 20 men at footers are costing the country 38s. 6d. a week each. When men were wanted recently, some of the footballers went up, but were told, "No, you can't go; it would spoil the team." What a game it is!

An Inhuman "Oversight."

The Senior Naval Officer at Buncrana, in the north of Ireland, received the following telegram, on February 14th:—"Please inform A—B—, deck hand, that baby died suddenly last night; and grant him leave." The wire was left lying in the office from the 11th to the 15th; when it was handed to the man. Naturally it was too late for him to go home to Grimsby to bury his child. What are we to think of the Senior Naval Officer?

Worked to the Bone.

From most of the Bases around our coasts we continue to receive letters complaining about the hard work the men of the small craft are compelled to do in harbour—including coaling ship—and the scant, or entire absence of leave granted. The men in the little craft have to put to sea for days in all weathers, and do every kind of job. Theoretically, they are supposed to have a rest during the few hours they spend in port; but instead of being granted rest they are worked like horses. There are thousands of soldiers in different camps who are not fitted for military work and who could help to coal ship, etc. The weary sailors would then get the spell of leave that is due to them.

A Rather Fishy "Regulation"

The crew of a Government transport, that is usually sent to a port somewhere in France, complain that they are not allowed to buy food in the Expeditionary Force canteen ashore, because they do not wear a War Service badge. They placed the matter before their Captain—or rather, "Master," as they are called in Merchant Service—who tells them that he cannot supply badges unless a deposit of a sovereign is handed to him for each. The sailors ask us to enlighten them on the subject; but we confess that it is beyond our power. The badge in question can be purchased for a few shillings in Portsmouth and other naval stations.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our
Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime we shall continue to advise by word when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

"ANXIOUS TOMMY" (Camberwell).—See the Local Secretary of the Statutory War Pensions Committee, and fill in the form D.I., appealing for a supplementary pension.

C. W. (Heaton Moor).—The weekly pension granted to a man whose leg has been amputated at the hip, is 16s.

Mrs. W. (Haggerston).—By drawing the two allowances, you laid yourself open to prosecution and imprisonment. The authorities are acting very leniently by allowing you to refund the money.

"TOMMY ATKINS" (Portsea).—You do not say which arm you have lost. If it is the right, you are entitled to 14s. a week; if the left 13s.

Mrs. J. R. (Cardiff).—I have had a reply, telling me that you will receive an increase of 2s. 6d. a week.

CPL T. G. (Watford).—You will be allowed an additional 2s. on account of your rank. Your pension will thus stand at 14s. 6d. a week.

Mrs. H. R. (Rugby).—The delay was due to your own carelessness in not notifying your change of address. The pensions authorities are not thought-readers or seers. Your book has been forwarded to you.

W. S. C. (Bayswater).—As your wound has reopened, and you are now wholly incapacitated, you should make an appeal to the Chelsea Commissioners for the increase in your pension to which you are entitled.

ON THE "SOMME."

B.E.F., France.

The Pen has arrived safely and it is just "A 1." It is truly "some" pen, and it gets "somer" every time it's used.

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OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to insidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier, discharged without a pension, set up in a very humble way of business. Shortly afterwards he became ill, and was confined to bed for weeks. He had contracted a few debts, and his creditors were inexorable, threatening his ruin. In his extremity he remembered our Fund, got out of bed, and hobbled down to us. We sent him home a happy man.

Bl men are not snapped up by employers, because they are liable to be called upon for service. One of the class lost his situation a couple of months ago, owing to illness. On his recovery he could not get further employment for the reason stated. He, his wife and four children were starving until he came to Long Acre.

We are supposed to be the greatest and richest nation the sun ever shone on. Possibly we are in some ways, but we are certainly not the most liberal in the treatment of our soldiers and their dependents. The Army takes in fit and strong men, a proportion of whom, owing to the severity of their training and the foolish system of sacrificing their health on the altar of fiendish weather, collapse and die, or are kicked out into the cold world as wrecks. Our medical service, too, we regret to have to say, is responsible for much, but we fear that if we said all that is in our mind concerning that branch, we would have General Lloyd on our track, armed with the Defence of the Realm Act. Suffice it to place on record that hordes of our brave troops are recklessly sacrificed, and their widows and children are refused pensions, because the men did not die in the presence of the enemy. Others are invalided out, ruined for life, and they find little consolation in the yellow form sent to them

by the Chelsea Commissioners, regretting that they are not entitled to monetary consideration on the part of our Government. We hold levées of such men daily; they are thrown out to starve, but they do not go empty away when they come to us.

A poor chap was sent back from the Colours, broken down in health, and without a pension. For nearly two months he was unable to do any work, and when he got on his legs again he made an appeal to us to start him in his old line as a costermonger, which of course we did. We provided him with stock, and at the same time saw to it that his landlord was satisfied and his larder filled.

Another man was sent back to civil life with empty pockets, unfitted for work. His wife and children were starving with him, until he was advised to come to us. We gave him financial help, and obtained for him the light employment for which only he is fitted.

As usual, we were called upon during the week by soldiers' wives whose children had died and were in danger of a parish burial. Of course we prevented this unmerited slur

upon the poor youngsters and their parents.

Several soldier boys wrote to us from France, telling of the distress of their widowed mothers, and appealing for assistance, which we immediately rendered when we had satisfied ourselves that the cases were genuine.

A soldier from the Front was granted leave to see his dying wife. He left camp with his bare fare in his pocket, found his home poverty-stricken, and came to us. We sent him away as happy as possible in the circumstances.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Constant Reader," 1s.; "Horrocks," 1s.; "Kia Ora," 2s. 6d.; Proceeds of "Swear Box" from No. 2 Egypt, Mess. 5s.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; E. O., 6d.; F. C. W., 2s.; E. H., 1s.; L. W., 1s.; "Old Soldier," 1s.; E. M. H., 1s.; W. S., 1s. 6d.; "Sympathy," 15s. 6d.; H. J. H., 1s.; "A Heart-Broken Mother," 5s.; C. C. 5s.; S. A. (Hawgow), 1s.; H. B. P., 1s.; J. M. S. (Johannesburg), 2s. 6d.; "A Competitor," 5s.; B. L. T. (York), 5s.; "Regular Reader" (Bletchley), 2s. 6d.; "A Reader" (Kensington), 2s. 6d.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; Mrs. D. H. (Oleham), 5s.; "A Hopeful Bulletin," 2s. 6d.; G. W., 1s.; "An Old Age Pensioner," 1s.; M. P., 1s.; R. B., 1s.; E. W., 1s.; Collected by the Pupils at Abbot House School (Cottingham), 15s.; "Ivy Mary," 2s.; Mrs. D., 2s. 2s.; "Hero," 2s.; W. T. T., 2s. 6d.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; L. H., 1s.; "Mona," 2s. 6d.; H. M. J., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. J. B., 2s. 6d.; "Karno," 10s.; M. O., 1s.; A. E. S., 1s.; W. F., 1s.; "Anxious," 1s.; H. M., 1s.; S. H. B., 1s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works (Easchchurch), 10s.; K. S. W., 10s.; E. P., 2s.; J. L., 6d.; E. E., 1s.; G. S., 1s.; G. T. B., 1s.; L. W. (Hilburn), 2s. 6d.; "Thal Diner 327," 1s.; "Thankful," 2s.; E. H. H. (Doncaster), 1s.; H. E. P., 1s.; E. M. H., 6d.; Mrs. F. B. (Kensington Park), 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. F. B. (Woolwich Arsenal), 15s.; "Working Woman," 1s. 6d.; "A Thirty Years' Wanderer" (Canada), 2s. 6d.

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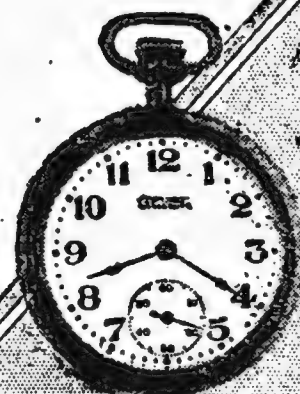
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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be directed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 25, LOMB ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. In all cases full names and addresses should be given.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Newcastle).—"An hon. gentleman said a little while ago the end was in sight; he now tells us many months of anxiety yet. What are we to believe?" Believe what we say.

T. W. G. (Sudbury).—The Devonport ration may seem a farnish to you, but a German would regard it as a feast.

"ANTI-GERMUN" (Parkstone).—Take care of the war, and the peace will take care of itself. As the British victory, so the German punishment.

Mrs. E. H. A. (Limerick).—We understand that the Munitions Ministry are averse to any discussion of the causes of the recent explosions. If things don't improve, however, we shall probably explode before long.

E. G. C. (Mesopotamia).—"I am sure you will do your best for those in the Far East." Assuredly—and for those in the Near West. Keep smiling.

W. K. (S. Shields).—When Ministers say, "We don't want to see Germany crushed," they leave plenty of room to give their own definition of the verb "to crush."

R. E. M. (Harrogate).—"If the Kaiser knew we buy butter here at 1s. 6d. per lb. and good Wensleydale cheese at 6d. per lb., it would give him food for thought." Don't give him food of any kind. Let us have the address.

"A LABOURER'S WIFE" (Somerset).—The wages of a farm labourer are scandalous. We are glad, therefore, that the Government have fixed a minimum of 25s. a week for all agricultural workers.

"INTERESTED READER."—"Grant licences to purchase intoxicating drinks—free, or 5s. a year—to prevent abuse of drink." Some would take out two licences.

"AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER" (Hosp., Napsbury).—"You always have a good word for the Australians, and I wish to thank you." No thanks due to us; all to you boys—and ours!

W. H. M. (Walthamstow).—"Bad cess to the Kaiser, And to his son; May he be the last resting-place of the Hun!" Funny place to rest in.

J. C. (A.S.C.).—Women's work is invaluable. You can trust them to do soldiers no injustice after the war.

"ALPHA" (Ripon).—Generally speaking, shopkeepers are not on their way to the workhouse.

H. B. (Manchester).—"I can vouch for the correctness of these statements." Just so, but we can't, so must abstain from comment.

L. C. B. (Bayswater).—Thousands of right men in the Army are in the wrong places—useless misfits.

H. R. Q. ("Ice-bound France").—Don't understand Beatty reference, but anybody who says Mr. Lloyd George is a Scotsman tells a whopper.

E. B. (Steeleworth).—Thinks people should give their money as the boys have given their lives, instead of wanting 5½ per cent. on War Loan. Afraid impossible to pay for wars out of philanthropy.

"DISCOURSED."—Sorry, but you can't talk to "the British public through the medium of our valuable paper." This is our stunt.

A. S. (Islington) maintains that 6 lbs. a week bread allowance for a man on hard manual labour is insufficient. It does not strike us as gross over-feeding. Lord Devonport, however, said that his scale was not intended to be a hard-and-fast one.

H. C. K. (Leytonstone).—"You are a great man." We blush and bow, but you shouldn't chuck such a compliment at us like half a brick. Our lady readers have a much prettier touch.

J. T. (Stratford-on-Avon).—You are certainly welcome to "add emphasis" to our articles. It is not a bad idea to read them aloud in the top attic, or, better still, as an occasional substitute for family prayers.

"AGE" (N. London).—"Naval and marine pensioners serving away from home should have a standing week-end leave every fortnight or so, to look after their interests and keep their little connections." If it could be managed!

"OLD GARDE CIVIQUE" (Hull).—No objection to your criticism, but, you know, this country is providing Belgians with "work and liberty" at present. In Belgium, they would only get the former—and be sent to Germany to do it.

"A LOYAL BRITISHER."—"Is it true that a liner, coming to a British port, was refused permission to enter certain waters because it was after the hour, the consequence being that she was compelled to wait outside port—and was torpedoed?" We hope not.

"A SUBSTITUTE" (Warley).—"There are 400 substitutes here; been here about 8 weeks doing nothing; ye are quite willing to go anywhere." May you soon get started.

"S.A. SOLDIER" (B.E.F.).—"Let me know if the Prince of Wales is married." If he is, he has not told us anything about it.

J. H. H. (Burton Coggles).—Quite true. It is an iniquitous system when a farm labourer is bound to hire his cottage from the farmer. He is sometimes treated as a slave.

"BAND" (Sunderland).—"I am 17, 5 ft. 10, and blowing an instrument in an Army band. There are others like me. Why can't I do National Service on the land till old enough to go to France?" Why not, indeed? Good lad!

"MADAME" (Dundee).—"As you say, somebody is "making a pile of money out of the stomach of the British nation." The food exploiters have never had such a time since they were born.

"SOLDIER."—It certainly seems top-sided to put a soldier to farm work and give him only Army pay—3s. a week, less 4d.

A. N. (St. Leonards).—"A piece of meat, one potato, and an orange for dinner," is no food for a lad, 18, in training at Tunbridge Wells.

T. W. (t. Helens).—"How could the Germans take the son of Tirpitz off any vessel which kept on moving at top speed? I think I have caught you napping." They would torpedo the ship without knowing who was aboard, i.e., the same result. You lose your "nap," having called on a rotten harp.

"WORRIED."—Unfortunately, the carriage of parcels to Salonica (and further) is uncertain. Your son may get his all in a heap. Go slow till you hear from him that they are coming to hand.

"PARVO."—No, we have not been "peirced" by the "phamplet" you mention. But it seems to have spoilt your spelling.

"A CONSTANT READER."—"Tell Viscount Portman, Lord Ilchester, and others with splendid wheat land, that if the farmers won't cultivate it fully, the women will." Good, they are told.

"FRONTIERSMAN" (India).—Soldiers want to know why M.P.s wear different colours, and if the N. of England colours differ from the S. I You puzzle us; did not know M.P.s wore any colours, though some look blue occasionally.

"A WA-TIME SOLDIER" (Douglas).—As your wounds incapacitate you for more fighting, though you could do work of national importance for which you are fitted, it is unreasonable to detain you in hospital.

W. R. (Egyptian Force).—You are a total abstainer, but from your own knowledge you say the "tot of rum" is a necessary medicine. Your testimony is valuable.

F. J. R. (?) (Glasgow).—What we said about Miss Ashwell's concerts at the front was based on protests received from Scotland. Glad to hear that all is square now. If Scotland is satisfied, we are.

"INDIGNANT" (Plymouth).—Cannot see much harm in the Rev. H. J. Chaytor's soldiers' letters. You mustn't forget that Tommy is a humourist almost to the death.

B. G. (Deptford).—If you're paying 85s. a ton for coals to sell again retail, you certainly won't get fat.

F. D. (U. Tooting).—We notice the Chancellor of the Exchequer's advertised acknowledgment of 2s. from "An English Girl." She wants to help win the war, bless her heart!

"A WOMAN."—"A lady looking from her window saw a Sergeant taking some boys to have a bath, and he kicked one on the leg, and further kicked him in his side." The Sergeant should get his living as a high-kicker, only we fancy the lady saw what didn't happen.

T. E. (Queenboro').—"The Manager collected £70 from the hands for War Loan; then on Thursday he paid us all out again." A very slow Manager.

W. R. (Westcliff).—"Are the police doing their duty in this district?" Why, what have you been up to?

"GUNNER" (B.E.F.).—"Which is the biggest railway station in Great Britain?" New Street, Birmingham, used to be. But Swiss Cottage Station has grown since then.

MASTER E. G. M. (Shrewsbury).—"If Tirpitz does not cease this war, Our sailors will give him a punch in his jaw." "I made it up myself." Glad nobody else is guilty.

"PINNER."—The publican who threw away your lunch cocoa perhaps thought beer would be better for you. It was a wasteful and wrongful act of oppression. However, you can get some more at the "Cocoa Tree."

W. S. (Lancaster).—"Do hens lie best if their legs are tired?" Aye, lad; and better still when their backs ache.

"HARPER ROCK" (Leeds).—"Can a player at solo, after proposing and not being accepted, call misery?" Take it from us, many a man calls misery even if he has been accepted after a proposal.

E. B. (M. & C.).—"Now for pestering you." No you don't, sonny—you should not have shouted so soon.

"REGULAR" (Thornton Heath).—It doesn't seem fair that a large firm should be able to open a new branch and to put into it two tons of sugar in one week, while smaller neighbouring traders are hardly able to get any at all.

J. R. C. (Holloway).—Tell you the age of Miss Marie Lloyd? No, a lady's age is her own secret. But she is more than seven.

H. R. (Regent's Park).—Your experience confirms the view of Mr. Hodge, the Labour Minister, that some of the Labour Exchange officials conduct themselves like Lord Tom Noddies.

A. A. S. (Torquay).—You are quite right. The saying, "May your shadow never grow less," originally meant "May you never be behended." However, since the fashionable mode of execution has changed, we had better say "May your shadow never grow longer."

E. C. (Regent's Park).—Why are Irish girls refused positions in England? They wouldn't be if we had our way, bless their pretty faces!

L. C. (West Ealing).—Sorry you found your bread so "exceedingly moist." Sure you didn't drop it in your beer?

J. W. G. (Sherwood Foresters).—Whale oil is rattling good stuff in its place, and so is rum, but if you're wise you won't mix them—unless you want to become "an 'orrible example."

J. G. (Tottenham).—As you are "now nearing the age of 16 years" you want us to tell you "how to get a registration card." Happy thought to write to us, but you'd better ask a policeman.

W. A. (Hasbrouck Heights, U.S.A.).—Your repeated letters are a source of perennial delight. Our comps. to Uncle Sam.

SERGT. W. B. A. (Deal).—We cannot print swear words just to please you. You must go and chew them over by yourself in the back garden.

MRS. E. M. W. (Glasgow).—So you told the watch sharpeners that you would "write to JOHN BULL about it." That will probably make them watch sharper.

G. O. L. (Gresham Street, E.C.).—Cannot fathom your idea regarding "a prize-packet for the propagation of the human race." Personally, we have little faith in those new-fangled dodges.

R. P. (Reigate).—Thanks for suggestion. We had not forgotten—as you will see by next week's special "Bullets" offer.

L. E. F. (Mapleborough).—"Our great man for our country in this dreadful wartime." We have been called much nastier names by people not half as nice.

C. R. R. (Hackney).—So the "Dutchman," reviling all things British and praising all things German, got the push. Good. Never mind his threats, but let us know if anything happens.

"SHOEMAKER" (Saltash).—It may be you are right about the waste of public money through the repairing prohibition in Army Order referred to, but we are not in a position to judge the reasons on which the Order is based.

E. D. (Walsall).—"Again I ask your attention to what has been revealed to me." But 10,000 words of it, closely written, running on to scraps of calendars, are too many. Cut it down to 100, and we will give you the attention you ask.

"VETERAN" (Royal Defence Corps).—Quite agree that old men with gardens, allotments, and businesses could be spared from duty for two or three months to go and do some productive work, places being taken *pro tem.* by unfit or returned men.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

YOU COULD PLAY THIS AT SIGHT

IN THREE MONTHS TIME

The great stumbling-block of the vast majority of pianists is sight-reading. The Thelwall System removes this difficulty, which in so many cases stands in the way of proficiency. After twelve lessons, students can take up any piece of music—however chromatic in character—and read it with ease. By a simple process of mental training the system enables you to picture every note on the keyboard instantly your eye lights upon it in the score. In three months it enables the most backward pianist to play with equal facility in any key, and with accidentals literally all over the page. Write for FREE BOOK, "How to Become a Rapid Sight Reader," merely enclosing 1d. stamp to cover postage.

THELWALL RAPID SYSTEM OF SIGHT READING

(Dept. W.5) 30-32, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). 1/10 DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Installments. Established 28 years.

CHARLES BILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM. Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

BLOOD AND SKIN TROUBLES CURED

The most wonderful cure for Blood and Skin Troubles and Contagious Diseases has been discovered in South Africa. It is called Domigo, and it is now working the most marvellous cures in England. It cures even when everything else fails—often in a few days.

THIS TRIAL TREATMENT 6d POST FREE



Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons and pollutions, including Eczema, Psoriasis, Rheumatism, Boils and Pimples, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood. Send to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and the trial treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return.

Domigo Tablets Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from all branches of Boots and Taylor's, or post free direct



"THE FOOD-BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE."

Vi-Cocoa—delicious, sustaining, invigorating.

6d, 9d & 1/6 Packets. **Vi-Cocoa** Walford

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum 1 oz.

Orlex Compound . . . a small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(ADVT.)

"BULLETS" IS EVERYBODY'S COMPETITION!

2ND PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250				3RD PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2-10

A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, March 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(228) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 228, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, March 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(228) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, March 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(228) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 229. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, MARCH 22nd**. Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 229 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 229, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 229.

OUR GALLANT LADS
WHEN BIG PUSH STARTS
GERMANY'S WEAKNESS
FOOD HOSS
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
PRETTY MAID
MOST TANTALISING WHEN
BABY'S COMFORTER
THREE BRASS-BALLS

PLAIN COOK
SPRING CLEANING
LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF
THE GERMAN PEOPLE
VILLAGE BAND

IN A MUDDLE
MOST PEOPLE DISLIKE
MY WIFE
AT THE WAR OFFICE
THE KAISER DOUBTS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and in other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, spiciness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
 2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two at

tempt may be written on each coupon.
 3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on

each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 228.

WHAT LLOYD GEORGE SAYS
 UNITED STATES
 GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS
 GROWING TROUBLES
 IN THE FUNK-HOLES
 SOUND THE PACE
 RABBIT PIE
 PLAYING WITH FIRE
 SENT PACKING
 AWAY FROM HOME
 SUNDAY GIRLS
 SWEET AND LOW
 BREAKING THE ICE
 WOMEN'S ECONOMY
 KEEP SMILING
 TOMMY'S DATIONS
 IN AGREEMENT
 THE LODGER'S SHARE
 HOME FIRED
 ON PAY-DAY
 KEPT WAITING
 MAKES FATHER TALK
 PRETTY SMART
 OLD CAT
 FAIR WOMAN
 THE IDLE SIGH
 SURE REMARKS
 MAKING BLOOMERS
 KISSING BOSS
 BLAMING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—
 MAKING BLOOMERS.
 Bullet:—
 RECRUIT DURING FIRST DRILL.

Example:—
 RUDE REMARKS.
 Bullet:—
 ARE SELDOM OVERHEARD.

Example:—
 KEPT WAITING.
 Bullet:—
 TALLYMAN OFTEN.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 24th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated March 3rd.

RESULT OF 225th BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. G. PAYNE, 15, Roman Road, Ilford, Essex.
Example:—OUT OF PL. CE.
Bullet:—"HIGHER ORDERS" GETTING SUGAR.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. JAMES YOUNG, 22, Palmerston St., South Shields.
Example:—A THICK EAR.
Bullet:—MAKES "ONE" APPEAR SMALL.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mrs. E. PITMAN, Hanley House, Gloucester Pl., Cheltenham.
Example:—PEACEFUL PERSUASION.
Bullet:—WITH SOME "A GIFT."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. W. CREPSE, 50, Westgate Street, Gloucester:
FELLOW WORKERS—DUTY AND INCLINATION SELDOM.
Mr. E. LAWRENCE, 43, Churchfield Mansions, New King's Road, S.W.
AFTER THE KAISER—NO MORE "CROWNING" INFAMIES.
Mr. F. SALT, C.O. Smith, Hairdresser, Colwyn Bay, N.W.1
IN THE LIMELIGHT—EVERY DRINK TOMMY HAS.
Mr. CHAS. BEDFORD, 18, Dingle Mount, Liverpool, S.:
OUT OF PLACE—FEW, WHEN GOVERNMENT'S FINISHED. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Coupon.)
Mr. T. W. AYRES, Union Street, Amersham, Bucks:
SOOTHING SYRUP—SPLENDID REFERENCE WITH SACK.
Mr. HERBERT TOWNEND, 132, Old Road, Bradford:
THINKING HARD—UNNECESSARY FOR REVUE AUTHOR.
Mr. J. BURNETT, C.O. Rombach, 177, Cathedral Street, Glasgow:
WIDE WOMAN—"ADDS" BEFORE SHE "MULTIPLIES."

Mr. F. S. CASTLE, Lisimore, Gordon Rd., W. COWES, I.W.:
FRIGHTFUL TAKEAT—"SATISFIES" FRITZ, THOUGH "EMPTY."

Mr. S. PICKERING, Cornhill Cottages, Allestree, Derby:
OUT OF PLACE—"CARRYING ON" AND "COMPLAINING."

Mrs. C. CARROLL, Laytown, Drogheda, Ireland:
THINKING HARD—BEFORE TRAVELLING—EVERYBODY NOW.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. S. MASON, 6, St. Mary Street, Griffithstown, Mon.:
A THICK EAR—"RAISED" FROM GOOD "LAND."

Mrs. J. COOK, 2, Nelson Street, St. Ebbes, Oxford:
WIDE WOMAN—AVOIDS GERMAN OFFICERS' "COMPANY."

Mrs. A. CHAMBERS, 3, Sudell Cross, Blackburn:
WIDE WOMAN—GETTING INTO "APPROVED SOCIETY."

Mr. F. S. JOTTER, 22, Lawson Road, Southsea:
WIDE WOMAN—SLOPS EARLY FOR "CHOICE."

Mr. J. W. DAY, 17, Regent Street, Heywood:
WIDE WOMAN—SLOPS AFTER THE SALES.

Mrs. WAKE, 14, Bellerby Terrace, West Hartlepool:
OUT OF PLACE—WIFE "KEEPS" THE MATCHES.

Mr. T. FIELD, 4, Oxley Street, Leeds:
OUT OF PLACE—BONES AFTER "PEACE" MEETING.

Sergt. H. R. LARGE, M.M.P., B.E.F., France:
PLAYED OUT—GERMANY'S ARMY—HENCE SUBMARINES.

Mr. A. CHALLIS, 65, High Street, Worcester:
IN THE LIMELIGHT—CHARITY BECOMES MERE ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. G. HALDANE, Birtley Colliery, Wark-on-Tyne, Northumberland:
FELLOW WORKERS—THE KAISER'S EYEBROWS LATELY.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified dates, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—
JOHN FEMBLE, 17, Audsall-street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester. February 3rd. A196,827.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 24th.

046,416	345,377	637,266	923,463	A268,637
072,052	862,015	659,102	952,667	A300,212
091,261	433,770	698,901	964,373	A332,187
098,156	451,476	723,690	990,101	A413,430
127,533	475,890	751,422	A003,800	A445,211
152,810	487,288	772,174	A082,740	A479,177
203,655	506,189	806,417	A126,486	A513,833
257,434	539,993	847,021	A149,548	A551,428
271,163	562,444	864,239	A187,299	A557,040
306,387	614,251	882,875	A236,480	A579,983

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Mar. 7th).

ANOTHER £5 PAID

The copy of our issue dated February 3rd, 1917, and numbered 640,198, for which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded by Mrs. Bradie, 47, Trafalgar Street, Greenock, Scotland, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for February 24, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Nun bers 076,296 and A384,102. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, March 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(228) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.	Address _____
	If four coupons are used P.O. for as. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks. Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.
In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to ...

£200

£100

£350

£25

£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered. We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim. Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To _____ Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed _____

March 3rd, 1917.

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form. If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(Strike out one of these.)

March 3rd, 1917.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee _____

Address _____

Signature of Insured _____

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home _____

Round the World with
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS
Patagonia



*In his cloak of guanaco, with a smoke of good tobacco,
The stalwart Patagonian is as happy as can be,
Though the climate's hard and freezy,
He is cheerful, free and easy,
With our little Chairman Juniors, 10 for 3d.*

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